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FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I.	Forecasts of To-morrow. <i>By William Barry.</i> (To be concluded.)	
		QUARTERLY REVIEW 515
II.	The Frenchwoman of the Eighteenth Century. <i>By R. F. Smalley</i>	OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW 523
III.	The Power of the Keys. Chapter XXII. The Bridge of Bihet. <i>By Sydney C. Grier.</i> (To be continued.)	530
IV.	The Public School in Fact and Fiction. <i>By Alfred Fellows.</i>	ALBANY REVIEW 538
V.	The Mistress of Great Tew. <i>By J. A. R. Marriott</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 546
VI.	Little Miss Smith. <i>By Rachel Martyn</i>	PAILL MAIL MAGAZINE 552
VII.	The Splendor of the Meadows. <i>By Canon John Vaughan</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW 560
VIII.	The Poetry of Coventry Patmore. <i>By J. F.</i>	ACADEMY 564
IX.	Lord Cromer's Advice to Boys.	SPECTATOR 569
X.	Olympia Rediviva. <i>By Gilbert Murray</i>	NATION 572
XI.	"In No Strange Land." <i>By Francis Thompson</i>	ATHENÆUM 575

A PAGE OF VERSE

XII.	Companionship. <i>By R. M.</i>	NATION 514
XIII.	Father and Son. <i>By C. H. Faure Field</i>	SPECTATOR 514
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS	575



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COMPANIONSHIP.

Men laughed in ancient Egypt long ago,
 And laughed beside the Lake of Galilee;
 And my glad heart rejoices more to know,
 When it leaps up in exultation too,
 That, though the laughter and the laugh be new,
 The joy is old as is the ancient sea.

Men wept in noble Athens, so they say,
 And in great Babylon of many towers,
 For the same sorrows that we feel to-day;
 So, stranded high upon Time's latest peak,
 I can with Babylonian and with Greek
 Claim kinship through this common grief of ours.

The same fair moon I look upon to-night,
 This shining, golden moon above the sea,
 Imparts a richer and more sweet delight
 For all the eyes it did rejoice of old,
 For all the hearts, long centuries grown cold,
 That shared this joy which now it gives to me.

Whate'er I feel I cannot feel alone;
 When I am happiest or most forlorn,
 Uncounted friends whom I have never known
 Rejoicing stand or weeping at my side—

These nameless, faceless friends of mine who died
 A thousand years or more ere I was born.

The Nation.

R. M.

FATHER AND SON.

I had a father; when he was alive,
 I did not greatly care his will to please;
 I did not know his habit was to strive
 For me, his son, upon his bended knees.

My careless eyes found him but commonplace,
 And thus untreasured chances passed away
 Of watching Time—consummate artist!—trace
 A character like Christ's in "common" clay.

Then he appeared a Phillistine, too stiff
 To sympathize with my superior mind;

But now, when he is dead, it seems as if

He were the vision-seer, I the blind.

He knows now all the secrets of the grave

Versed in profounder than Hegelian lore;

He wears the crown God gives to those who brave

The world's contempt and all its sneers ignore.

And I who could so lightly talk with him,

Confronting wisdom with youth's insolence,

Would give all that I have to walk with him,

And think a great boon won at small expense.

I did not know how fervently he longed

In me deep-cherished hopes to realize,

Too late I see it now, the love I wronged,

Then in my reach, now out of reach, the prize.

Though they are lost, which might have once been won,

Rich opportunities I cast away,

I trust that even now he sees his son

Tracking his footsteps to the land of day.

Then will I tell him what I had to keep

Buried within my breast, a life-long woe;

And he will say: "My son! my son! why weep?"

I have forgiven it so long ago."

C. H. Faure Field.

The Spectator.

FORECASTS OF TO-MORROW.*

Utopian literature, as it may be called, is a stock department in libraries, and has of late flourished with an abundance which may remind us of the pamphleteering that went on before the French Revolution. At least one hundred works in this kind have been circulated since Bellamy's "Looking Backward" gave to its pages a Socialist coloring. But these are mainly fiction; and fiction, however effective as propaganda, will not satisfy the demand, thanks to which speculation concerning the future of civilized mankind is now rife. Hence a more scientific and serious method has given rise to publications which, whether founded or not on statistics, aim at reaching first principles, and if they end in prophecy, start with induction from present facts.

Such a forecast was Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" translated into many languages. Quite unlike that eminently British estimate of the world's chances, and perhaps the finest achievement in German prose for the last half-century, is "Zarathustra," by Friedrich Nietzsche, to whom we stand indebted for the "Superman" with all his vagaries, theatrical and other, which have transformed the grandiose apparition to a sort of Merry Andrew. But Nietzsche's newest of New Testaments will long be the standard for those who believe in a revolt of the strong against the weak; of the select against the democracy, whether "Christian" or merely "Social"; and of the Aryan against the Semite. Moreover, "Zarathustra" is a work of art, and as such may lay claim to immortality. It holds the quintessence of a Gospel enunciated by Goethe, denied or despised when Bentham and the average

man conquered the nations, but quickened into more strenuous life as the signs of disease have multiplied at the heart of our Liberal institutions; and now that Gospel is gathering force while Parliaments, Congresses, and the voting-machine, are falling into contempt. Here, perhaps with a smile, we might quote Shelley in a novel application, "The One remains, the many change and pass." No literary work glorifying the reign of the multitude has caught a more musical rhythm than this half-satire, half-elegy, of the wild anti-Teuton prophet who hated his own people. It pleads for the lonely great man with his scorn of the crowd—of its laws, customs, beliefs, cruelties, and enthusiasms; for "wherever the rabble drinks, all wells are poisoned."

Nietzsche laughed at physics and professors in a healthy human way. So far he would have agreed with Joseph de Maistre, "If anything is certain, it is this, that the guidance of mankind does not belong to science. Nothing that is indispensable has been committed to it. The Royal Society will never be a Church Catholic. But in a mechanical age, where the conditions of daily life are undergoing changes to which the past affords no parallel, men with a modern turn, such as Mr. H. G. Wells, come near to believing that antiquity can teach us little, that the Greek and Latin classics have had their day, and that our Lady Electra has vanquished not only Athena but the Madonna. To which let us answer, "Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!" Out of Aristophanes we will convict any "new Republican," even if he boasted of an aerial

*1. "Janus in Modern Life." By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., F.R.S., etc. London: Constable, 1907.

2. "Anticipations." By H. G. Wells. London: Chapman and Hall, 1904.

3. "New Worlds for Old." By H. G. Wells. London: Constable, 1906.

4. "Varuna." Von Willibald Hentschel. Leipzig: Fritsch, 1907.

And other works.

fleet at his command, that the difficulties attaching to his Utopia were known, essentially at least, on the Attic stage, two thousand three hundred years ago. And from Aristotle, that great old schoolmaster, we will refute Communistic dreams. But Mr. Wells may represent the prophet of science in his "Anticipations" and "New Worlds for Old"; just as Nietzsche continues the literary strain of which Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," deriving from "Emile" and leading on to "Sartor Resartus," furnished an illustration, as copious as it was characteristic of the century in which it appeared.

For thoughtful observers, though science can never be overlooked, and fiction has the advantage of bringing out in sharp contours the truth of a given situation, it must be clear that history, past and present, yields the only sure grounds on which to forecast the future. That which man is and has been determines what he will be. Speculation from this conning-tower is a duty; we cannot escape it. Our laws are governed by prevision as certainly as our annual budgets. Our alliances with foreign peoples depend on their imagined interests, their ambitions and ideas about the part they have played and mean to play in the world, not less than upon their numbers or their geographical position. We shape our conduct when we have reckoned with to-morrow; and our log-book of yesterday is a sure guide to the point at which we find ourselves. Accordingly, "Janus in Modern Life," who looks both ways at once, becomes to a keen student like Dr. Flinders Petrie the oracle of wisdom, equal to the future because he has contemplated the past. But, as might be expected, here some German is sure to strike in by virtue of his omnivorous reading; and with a big voice he thunders forth his "Varuna," signifying the right order in Heaven, to be imitated on earth wher-

ever Aryans rule. For "Deutschland über Alles" now must include a social and humane programme. This loud trumpeter, Willibald Henschel, is a follower of "Zarathustra"; but he would have us believe that the Superman always existed as a type, concrete in deed and word, since the neolithic period, distinctly visible and lifted high above the yellow, the black, and the inferior mixed races, who are striving to pull him down. It is Nietzsche's doctrine of the "blond beast," reinforced by an appeal to chronicles, to archaeology, and to the Count de Gobineau, most learned if sometimes most fanciful of those who have insisted on racial kinds. Thus our survey, beginning as near creation as it might venture, would embrace all ages and nations (a feat which the German is ever ready to perform) did we not bear in mind that something must be taken for granted. It will be safe to make a start with Dr. Flinders Petrie, after which we will allow Mr. H. G. Wells to bring out his flying-machine; and "Varuna" shall pass judgment on his "New Republic," where the Aryan is to suffer a blending with negro and Chinese, under the patronage of the engineering department of Public Works.

Dr. Petrie, whose knowledge of the ancient world is hardly to be surpassed, would by no means have us neglect the laws of natural development that govern living forces, however they may be manipulated by free will. "Schicksal und eigene Schuld," our destiny and our self-determination, work together towards a fifth act, in which we triumph or go to the ground. What are the lines of evolution, then? Suppose we accept the general system favored by Darwin, it appears that certain variations, giving an advantage to one individual or group over another, tend to be maintained in

successive generations. That artificial conditions encourage greater changes; that these accompany or facilitate unusual developments; that growth depends on use and atrophy is the consequence of disuse; and that variation will cease when competition dies out—these would be axioms founded on observation at large. But, as regards man, there is a further principle, almost peculiar to himself, and of vital importance. Alone among animals he can by reason so modify his environment as completely to reverse its qualities in his own favor. It is the mind that rules, acting consciously or unconsciously, but shaping character, dominating circumstances, and realizing its creative ideas. According to the scale of values which our judgment sets up, we shall strive to evoke a world around us, the image of our deepest thought. Between reason and personality there is a connection as close as between cause and effect. Now personality issues in character; and on character all at length turns, whether in the single units that make up society or in the State as a whole. Our Darwinian biology thus leads on to the ethical, nay, the religious outlook, whence we view mankind as engaged in a struggle, not for bread alone, but for morality, for perfection. "Et quasi cursores, vitalis lampada tradunt," sings the poet who denied immortality. He confessed that there is a "lamp of life"; we hold that unless it be taken to light our ways the end cannot show us our ideals realized.

To these views Mr. Wells, the moderate Socialist, and Herr Hentschel, champion of the Aryans, assent. Mental differences, as we all feel, and as Galton proved, are inheritable. Whether we term the fixed qualities thus acquired racial or not, they certainly exist. They have played a decisive part in the story of the nations. Who will refute Dr. Petrie's argument

drawn from the expulsion of Moors and Jews out of Spain, of the Huguenots out of France, with consequent loss, never since repaired, of the intellectual riches carried oversea by these exiles? Is it not equally evident that since the Revolution of 1789 those rare French characteristics which we associate with the old *noblesse* have given place to their opposite, so that instead of chivalry, vowed to the tradition of honor, we see democracy governed by self-interest, suspicious of dissent from its everyday creed, and sinking to a dead level where the stereotype of school, newspaper, and department prevails? In England, which has never driven out its old families, public service commands an ability, and on the whole is conducted with an integrity, due to the feeling of a class long trained in genuine patriotism, such as no other country perhaps can boast of. The English gentleman has race and character, though seldom learning. He is the outcome of favorable variations inherited during nine hundred or a thousand years; and his development (by which we do not mean acquaintance with books) may continue, as is constantly witnessed, till extreme old age. The Oriental ceases to think almost at adolescence; but there is no definite limit to the mind's growth in a well-bred European.

Hence the incessant changes which have gradually brought our politics, philosophies, literatures, and forms of belief to their present stage. Europe goes forward under a law of dynamics, the motive-power of which is mind; whereas until lately the rest of the world lay supine, obedient to customs which it accepted without criticizing them. And the rate of change is now so quickened that variations increase rapidly among us in both directions, towards the heights and the depths. Great as may be the differences between individuals in modern life, they

will continue to increase, says Dr. Petrie, and cannot be lessened. The select and the residuum will be divided, as time goes on, by a gulf which is ever enlarging. Extremes of poverty and wealth, of culture and character, must be looked for in a society becoming always more unstable as it lies more open to diverse influences. Competition presses upon every side with an unexampled force; the weaker yield to it more speedily than at any previous era. Time has declared itself their enemy by its constant acceleration, which cuts off opportunities of retreat and leisure for recovery. Why, then, do they not all tumble into the abyss, leaving the comparatively strong to fight among themselves? Nature has given these lower types, it would seem, an instinct of reckless multiplication which comes to their help. The unfit can still survive in their descendants amid surroundings in which the nobler kinds would die. This point is admirably illustrated in "New Worlds for Old." We must ask, therefore, what sort of character our social circumstances foster, and who are the "fit" in modern life. Do these quick changes make for higher states or tend to bring us down? What is our position as measured by the highest human standard?

In Dr. Petrie's view England has lost by emigration elements which leave the nation poorer, while not acquiring much from foreign sources to make up for what is wanting. Saxon and Celt have gone out; Teuton and Jew are coming in. The more select of these add to our mental wealth; but the thousands take from it and degrade public morals, hygiene, and culture. The individual emerging under new conditions, he would say, is lacking in self-reliance, adaptability, courage, hopefulness. This latter-day Briton appears to be slack and gregarious, dull of intellect, greedy for amusement,

trivial in his thoughts, and at the mercy of impulse. By Trade Unions, workhouses, doles, free schooling, charities which demand no effort on the part of those aided, there has been set up a "compulsory glorification of sloth" more deadly than all the wars of Napoleon. The mind which these laws and benevolences tend to propagate is as vacant as it is imbecile. In its pleasures the multitude shirks discipline; for steady industry it substitutes betting wherever possible; its newspapers print the details of sport, crime, and immorality as means to secure a large circulation. The number of parasites on our social system is amazing, and seems likely to be increased by those political leaders who regard taxation as inexhaustible, with no corresponding obligation to render a service where a benefit has been given. Distaste for work, craving for excitement—features of a decaying civilization, as shown on the later frescoes at Mycenæ and notorious in Imperial Rome—have been remarked in every class of Englishmen as on the mounting hand. Smart society, its follies and its sins, may call forth the denunciations of a popular preacher; but more significance attaches to the quietly accepted Epicurean standpoint, from which our great middle class judges of the life that now is as a thing to be enjoyed, because there is probably no other. This tacit agreement in Hedonism, to which some pioneers of thought are now adapting their Christianity, would have appalled the Puritan no less than the Catholic of past generations. Considered as moulding the character and determining action, it is the root-motive out of which our future England may grow, unless reaction towards a more manly temper sets in. What tokens do we perceive of that wholesome severity in press, pulpit, conversation or conviction? Fewer, surely,

than of the frank Paganism which worships money as the means and pleasure as the end that all who are not hopeless dreamers should keep in view.

One token there is which seems like the beginning of a new ethics, long secretly admired, now advocated by grave reformers, by an Amazon host of story-tellers, and by large sections in society—we mean the declining birth-rate. On this subject Dr. Petrie holds opinions which will not commend themselves to orthodox Christians. But whatever we may think of "race-suicide," it is especially a danger to the ruling and professional classes. If it prevented the multiplication of the "Children of the Abyss"—to quote Mr. Wells—we might reckon such losses a gain to civilization; but the families which tend to disappear are those with an honorable record, the reserve forces of manliness, ability, and old English courage. In the lowest deeps children abound; as we go up the social ladder they become less numerous. Some have alleged a natural "law of parsimony" to account for this. At all events, enforced celibacy is the lot of thousands under the prevailing economic laws, which themselves, as we are accurately taught in Mr. Wells' new volume, do but express a certain general mind with its table of values. To say that such laws favor the more fit in high human qualities would be absurd. They favor the reckless and the vicious, who are content that public or private philanthropy should open rescue homes, support hospitals, look after deserted wives, give first offenders an education and a trade denied to the offspring of honest parents, and condone every crime except that of thrift and industry, upon which the tax-gatherer pounces wherever he sees it. Is the race dying at the top? Between the higher cost of living and the drain upon capital by Acts of Parliament, our middle class finds that chil-

dren are a luxury it cannot afford. Late and sterile marriages, dictated by prudence or necessity, therefore abound, breaking the strength of that proud order whose achievements made England free and gave it an empire in every Continent.

It is not, says Dr. Petrie, that essential changes in man's nature are to be expected within a calculable period. He will desire and admire the same things, be moved by the same impulses, as his forefathers of six thousand years ago. But there is room inside these bounds for fluctuations, which, to the tribe as to the individual, may bring life or death. If we look to the community for guidance when we should be exercising our own judgment, or for help when we should put our shoulder to the wheel, we are choking the springs of action and giving up so much of our personality. To Nietzsche the State was "the new idol"; our English Janus discovers in its exaggerated power a tribute to fatalism, the lowering of character, and a bureaucratic tyranny as inquisitorial as inefficient. From the State no reasonable man demands the initiative or the energy that mark off genius. It is the least common multiple of individual minds, where it does not happen to be a party-machine or the instrument with which Cæsar, Frederick the Great, or Bonaparte, works his will. The State is never what untutored minds take it to be, viz. the sum of social forces; it may lessen them by its meddling, but how is a contrivance, mainly political, to serve equally well as a teacher, an economist, a prophet, a patron of the fine arts, a policeman, a magistrate, and a censor of morals? Some of these things it is compelled to do; but the most precious to humanity lie beyond its jurisdiction. Thought and conscience make character. Do we go to ordinary politicians for choice instances of either? Now Socialism re-

lies upon the average man, to whom it sacrifices the exception. And, if we are told by its advocates that we ought not to confound society with government; that when they name the State they imply the whole public order; Dr. Petrie would retort, "Precisely so; but your State, as every measure proves that you bring into Parliament, would be a hierarchy of omniscient, infallible deputies, with a voting multitude under their feet. Church, Home, University, workshop, market, playground—wherever two or three were gathered together, there would your official be in the midst of them. You could not tolerate Dissenters; and in one brief generation all your citizens would be stamped from the same die like so many coins." Mr. Wells perceives the danger, and, at the expense of logic, falls back on Liberalism. But he can devise no guarantees for freedom in his Utopia.

Combination will bring every kind of advantage when it is voluntary. Enforced all round, it would require on the part of Government a sense of justice and of the true nature of things such as none, whether King or Parliament, has ever displayed. So Dr. Petrie argues with instances, old and new, to warrant his conclusion. The plain truth is that no power, acting on men from outside, will make up for the vigor and resource of an inventive spirit. We may always pit the individual against a system. Genius will conquer routine if it is given elbow-room; and, though general stupidity has often prevailed to suppress talent, no institution can, by mere inertia, defend itself in the long run from defeat at the hands of free antagonists. In the extraordinary revolution of parts which has brought Germany, Japan, and the United States to compete with England for a greater share in the world's commerce, who can suppose that this country will hold its own

by marking time? If it does not advance, it must fall back. Are we, then, wasting our reserve of capital by neglecting thrift, our stores of manhood by Trade Union indolence, by refusal to train youth in defence of hearth and home, by short hours of business and ever-lengthening holidays, by absurd methods of education, by taxing enterprise and leaving luxuries free? These are questions for the times; but when intellect is declining upon lower levels, the crowd which considers football its supreme interest will neither ask nor answer them. And when Dr. Max Nordau hints the word "Degeneration," he is told that he knows nothing of England.

Revolution need not come about, our author warns us, by conspicuous or violent changes. Death duties, which break up old estates, will perhaps put an end to British colonizing. A tax on unearned increments will drive great industries abroad. Free meals to school-children, unless carefully guarded, may destroy what is left of the workingman's home. A Socialism that none but the smallest of minorities would have deliberately set up, is even now coming in upon us by little and little, with its natural accompaniment, secularized education. We are proud of Oxford and Cambridge, medieval institutions emphatically free, the nursing mothers of men, not of pedants or doctrinaires. Yet they stand more and more isolated in their kind; while a department at Whitehall inflicts on the country its one type of mental training, examines on the most unreal of systems, and stultifies with its miscellaneous forcing process the growing intellect from early childhood. M. Taine was never weary of telling French Jacobins that our public schools had created or encouraged a spirit of self-reliance, in marked contrast with the mere literary culture, too often de-

generating into Anarchism, which the University of Paris had made its chief object and set up as the pattern of education all over France. Yet on such a pattern our elementary teaching is moulded. Its results we may trace in the undisciplined, illiterate crowds which throng to public sports by the hundred thousand, but are less and less capable of serious thought or sustained reading. Some forty years of compulsory schooling divorced from life reveal it as indeed a social force which, says Dr. Petrie, "owing to the herding together of large masses of children, and so destroying family types," is "mainly deleterious." For curiosity in a noble sense finds little encouragement from "My Lords"; things are taught which do not signify; but a knowledge of the laws and practices which foster health of body or strength of character is only beginning to make its way into the curriculum. Unhappily, the public schools themselves are not much more than playgrounds, a system, observes Dr. Petrie with vehemence, "which lies at the base of the unintellectual character of the average educated Englishman, who takes no useful interest in anything." If this be so, our "young Barbarians," admonished in vain by Matthew Arnold that culture was the chief defence against anarchy, may wake up to see the Germans marching over their playing-fields, in which a mightier battle than Waterloo has been lost.

So much for an education running to sport on one side, to pedantry on the other. Meanwhile, philanthropy aims at saving the unfit from the consequences of their misdoings. "Benevolent persons," said Ruskin, "are always, by preference, busy on the essentially bad, and exhaust themselves in efforts to get maximum intellect from cretins and maximum virtue from criminals." Dr. Petrie, believing in diversity of genius, in competition as

favorable to it, and in the sacrifice of lower to higher forms, would not be so kind to the degenerate, or even protect a middle class that has neither stored up capital in its years of plenty nor resisted the temptation to sloth and ostentation by which it is decaying. We are drifting, he declares, into State Communism, where ability will be held back, and equal wages for unequal powers will destroy the stronger breeds to encourage feeble mediocrities. Which are the countries that have promoted the advance of ideas, inventions, new types of thought? Are they not England, America, Germany, with institutions not hitherto moulded on Social Democracy, rather than those in which public opinion has compelled every man to keep step with his neighbor? Communities, as such, never strike out fresh ways of acting, because they wait to receive their impulse from the single mind, often in spite of themselves. They follow the line of least resistance, which is custom, until disaster overtakes them. And so they perish.

On these principles Government would be limited, as was held by the disciples of Locke and Bentham, to its duties as policeman, magistrate, and tax-gatherer for purposes which we may style those of protection and public justice. It would eliminate waste by condemning the tramp, the deserter of his family, the criminal whose life had been spared, to work under supervision, instead of being a charge upon the community. The normal citizen would be free to an extent now hardly imaginable. Neglect of parental obligations would indeed not be tolerated. The fittest might well find encouragement by relief from taxation in whole or in part. The least fit, segregated under compulsory laws, Dr. Petrie would restrain from marriage, or make them liable to heavy penalties if they had offspring. Advancing civilization

throws up a large number of inefficient; and that cannot be avoided. But, by treating them drastically, we should be exercising the truest benevolence. For at present two classes—the capitalist and the proletarian—stand aloof from one another, in perilous opposition; whereas, by limiting the freedom of the degenerate, room is given for the nation to improve and expand. Most pains could then be taken, as Ruskin urged, with the best material instead of, as now, with the worst; and the “continuous sources of cretinism and crime,” if not dried up, would cease to be a common danger. If the State undertakes the burden of wastrels it must have entire control of them. Slavery was not fatal to Rome; but the well-meanning Socialism which Emperors like Aurelian inflicted on all their subjects by compulsory Trade Unions, and which Diocletian embodied in his decrees regulating prices and wages, that, says Dr. Petrie, brought ancient civilization to the ground. Hard work, decent living, under enactment if necessary, but anyhow as the sole conditions of maintenance, will be the only sure means to prevent the British Empire from falling, as did the Roman, into a general anarchy, the creation of the benevolent and the imbecile. Dr. Petrie would advocate no laws which disfranchise Jews or Japanese, no anti-Semite crusades; but still he must grant to “*Fors Clavigera*” that “the worth of one man, as compared with another, is the one thing needful to be determined by laws of nature.” When our Empire makes of unworth its corner-stone, and lays its foundation in an alms-fed proletariat, the day of some conquering Attila will not be far distant.

Janus, therefore, by the lips of Dr. Petrie, denounces that informal but deadly Communism which is now setting the wastrel on the neck of industry, and dividing the taxing-power

from the classes most powerfully affected by it. He argues for entire freedom of labor and exchange against Protection in whatever shape, from sugar bounties to a “White Man’s Land” which bars out the alien. He would maintain permanent marriage, on grounds economic and social; yet with so large a sufferance of departures from it that a little more would probably reduce it to a counsel of perfection under his good-natured rule. He would prefer the individual to the State as a landlord; and he is sceptical as regards the scheme of peasant-proprietors, who are really held in mortgage by anonymous Banks. For the millionaire who gives back in public benefits some of his millions Dr. Petrie expresses an admiration which others of us do not share; but he is comparing the Trust, as a machine for saving waste and distributing wisely, with workmen who squander their wages, with an improvident middle class, and the merely private luxury of the old rich. He foresees no end to war, though he looks for advance (which war would promote) by intensified competition in the world-markets and by the strain of armaments. Confederation among States will more and more prevail. Yet diversity, not uniformity, is the law of progress; and those countries will prosper which cultivate freedom. Profit-sharing must become the rule in all industries. Eliminate waste, check the growth of social parasites, and labor will increase in value while decreasing in volume. Capital is likely to command a very low rate of interest, but the improvement all round will make men wealthier in comforts and conveniences. There will be less inducement to work for saving in a community which fosters the strong and weeds out the feeble. A varied yet equal civilization; a fairly uniform rate of prices and wages for what is produced and the ability that produces it;

a competition tempered by the advantages proper to climate and genius in each people; a steady migration from colder lands towards the south; and in government less of voting, speech-making, antiquated methods; with power added where it is now inefficient,

The Quarterly Review.

but the individual recognized as cause and crown of the whole—such is the forecast which this ingenious speculation offers, commended by a study of past ages, and of present tendencies during a time of transition.

William Barry.

(To be concluded.)

THE FRENCHWOMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A century is sometimes a difficult thing to define; every historian beats the bounds in his own fashion, here adding a few years and there deducting a few to adjust the balance; none of the landmarks are safe. The boundary of the Middle Ages advances and recedes like the fringe of the sea; fifteen years of the eighteenth century are ceded, like the forfeit of a disastrous war, to her predecessor. An independent commonwealth is formed out of the revolted subjects of two centuries and calls itself the Revolutionary or Napoleonic epoch. Even if we try to evade these controversies by a strict adherence to mathematical division, we have not stilled discussion; religion has her say; did the nineteenth century end with 1899 or 1900? For the future historian we may be even now in the very middle of it.

Definition, then, is difficult, for the eighteenth as for other centuries. What seems to be peculiar to the eighteenth century is that it has for many writers a kind of personality; it has its convinced admirers and it has its deadly foes. A still undecided battle rages round its remains, reminding us of the funeral games of a Zola or a Voltaire. Carlyle has called it a "bankrupt century," and has made it the type of those "hapless ages: wherein, if ever in any, it is an unhappiness to be born: to be born, and to learn only, by every tradition and example, that God's Uni-

verse is Belial's and a Lie." It is true that he has written a great many volumes on this same unmentionable epoch, but we need not accuse him of inconsistency; to forgive one's enemies is doubtless divine, to ignore them would be inhuman. When we come to the other side of the argument, we find that the admirers of the eighteenth century are numerous and enthusiastic. A feeling analogous to the ardent patriotism of an exile seems to possess them; we suspect that Mr. Austin Dobson, for instance, sometimes feels that a wicked fairy intervened to postpone the right moment of his birth, which would have fallen, in the natural order of things nearly two hundred years ago. But, though many writers have felt the charm of the eighteenth century, it has become the special province of a single pair of them. The brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, who did all their best work in collaboration, have established a claim that nobody will dispute to be the pre-eminent champions of the period. The first-fruits of their work, *La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle*, contains, in its preface, the apology for the whole movement. "This century," they say, "has hitherto been disdained, strangely enough, by history. Historians have shunned it as if it were a study likely to compromise the importance and dignity of their historical work. They seem to have feared to be branded with frivolity if they touched

this century, whose frivolity, after all, is but a mask and a superficial attribute." Accordingly the Goncourts set about their task, and wrote several books dealing with various sides of the century; with the result that their beloved period became a favorite with miscellaneous historical writers. The thousand biographies of Sainte-Beuve suggested materials: long-buried documents came to light: the personalities of the period had each their turn at appearing as the central figure of a biography, and some more than once. The vogue spread to England; and we venture to suppose that no period has been more frequently handled during the last dozen years than that which extends from 1730 to 1789.

There is something almost uncanny in the personal feeling with which Carlyle and the Goncourts came to regard the eighteenth century. Many people are capable of love or hatred for a country; nearly everybody has some decided preference of this kind, with a specially warm feeling for the land that gave him birth. But a chronological unit is a more difficult subject. It is certainly hard to love a week or a minute, and it needs at first sight a strong imagination to feel the charm of a century. But the feat has been successfully performed in this particular instance, and it would be interesting to see how it has come to pass. We do not pretend that the eighteenth-century controversy, though it seems to present special features, is the only instance of a debate between periods. There are literary rivalries—the competition for the title of Augustan Age, and the academic debate between the Ancients and Moderns; a more real and earnest struggle is perpetually engaged between the latter and the Middle Ages, on the battle-ground of theology. But in all these cases there is a clear and definite issue. This cannot be said of the present instance; the points in

dispute are obscure and elusive. The object of attack or defence seems to be the very essence and soul of an epoch. This conception, which underlies all Carlyle's historical studies, is nowhere better exemplified than in the introductory chapters of his *French Revolution* and in his *Frederick the Great*. Taught by Goethe, he looked upon all history as "The Time-vesture of the Eternal," and in the spirit of this superb mysticism he found a message of faith even in what were for him the ages of unbelief; even the ubiquitous "quack," by helping to consummate a lie, was shortening those days and bringing another stone to the completion of the City of God. Voltaire, the living embodiment of everything that Carlyle loathes and fears in the eighteenth century, has a place in his hagiology of heroes.

What is it that so powerfully repels Carlyle and attracts the Goncourts? We shall get our answer most readily from the latter; it is contained in a title. Having decided that the eighteenth century was slighted and must be restored to favor, the two brothers proceeded to lay the foundations of a great work of eulogy and apology, and the result of their labors was *La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle*, which, besides being the first, was destined also to be the most finished and substantial of their contributions to the subject. Woman shares with the fascinating century the honor of their researches, and is, perhaps, their real quarry. For, if we examine the rest of their writings we shall find the feminine interest uppermost; art in general, and Japanese art in particular, have a share in their attention, and, indeed, have contributed largely to their high place in French literature; the journal of the Goncourts is a wonderful monument; but the rest is all woman. Novels like *Germinie Lacerteux* and *Renée Mauperin*, dealing with some particular phase of feminine

psychology, studies in social history tending to the same point, and, as a supplement to *La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle*, biographies of Mmes. de Pompadour, Chateauroux, and du Barry, together with those of the most important actresses and that of Marie Antoinette, complete the sum of their literary achievements. It is not too much to say that Goncourtism, if we may be allowed to coin the word, means the literary exploitation of the female sex. The Goncourts were not, of course, the first to discover the fascinations of feminine psychology, but they have strong claims to being the first authors who made of it a literary genre. They have had many followers; Arvède Barine, of whose sex we are uncertain, though the point is immaterial, is perhaps the greatest living representative of the school. One grudges the appropriation of the word "feminism" to other uses: it would be very useful to describe the subject and method of the Goncourts and their school.

The side of the eighteenth century that the Goncourts find so attractive is precisely that which disgusts Carlyle. The spiritual descendant of John Knox finds the feminine atmosphere of the period—its "monstrous regiment of women"—quite intolerable. Not that he is a misogynist; he is more nearly allied to a modern feminist. He has a strong appreciation of the fundamental good sense of women as a corrective to masculine solecisms in politics. In that wonderful historical picture, *The March of the Women*, he imagines how, in a sea of conflicting rumors and uncertainties, the women of Paris saw one fact plainly, *we must have bread*, and so marched and moved the Revolution one great stage further. The snuff-taking of Frederick I's consort at the wearisome coronation of the first Hohenzollern king is the only incident in that event that he cares to dwell on:

"that pinch of snuff runs through the whole of Prussian history." He has a great admiration, too, for female heroines: Mme. Roland and Charlotte Corday move him as much as Mirabeau and Danton. But there is throughout a sort of notion that woman has her place, which she must keep. Her interventions on the great stage of events must be few and well chosen. And in many of the women of the eighteenth century he can see nothing good. He brands them and their society with harsh words from the Old Testament and the Apocalypse—"Jezebel," "The Scarlet Woman," and the like, which dispense him from further criticism. He is like some ancient prophet of Israel issuing from his hiding-place in the desert to rebuke the world and its rulers, and to warn them that their time is come; an Elisha rebuking Ahab, or, better still, some nameless prophet of the days before Noah, for he reads all the history of the time in the light of the ensuing deluge. He has all the ruthlessness of a Hebrew seer, wasting no pity on beings predestined to destruction; the savage brutality with which he assails the du Barry, after all a poor creature of circumstances, defeats its object, and puts us to some extent in sympathy with its victim.

In the de Goncourts there is no hint of the wrath to come. Living *après le déluge*, they did not feel that a race had been exterminated and swept away, but that two or three generations had passed in the ordinary way, and had left a legacy of traditions to their nineteenth-century descendants. The only difference is that the Frenchmen of a later day are poorer in everything that constitutes living; it is for them to cherish and cling to the remains of *le siècle français par excellence*. The golden age of the French novel shows many traces of this feeling; the civilization and morality portrayed by Maupassant, for example, and assigned to nine-

teenth-century society, belong very often to the eighteenth; incidents belonging to and characteristic of the earlier age are assigned, for the purposes of romance, to the later one. The closing incident of *Bel Ami*, for instance, suggests the tragedy of Julie de Lespinasse's childhood. The facts of the eighteenth are the fables of the nineteenth century.

The interest of the eighteenth century is then essentially feminine. Elegance and wit are its panoply and sword. The rough virtues of more strenuous ages are kept carefully out of sight. Through what agency was this state of things brought into existence? Who were the women who created society after their own image? Avoiding difficult questions of cause and effect, we shall content ourselves with answering that the women who have left their impress on the period are bewildering in their multitude. Their preponderance over the considerable men is absolutely crushing. Indeed, eighteenth-century France is singularly barren of masculine personalities. Military commanders there were none; statesmen were so trammelled by the existing conditions as to be in but very few instances worthy of the name; the few men of the class whose ideas might have made their own reputation and the happiness of their country either tired their spirit in the struggle for influence, or succumbed to their enemies at the very beginning of their usefulness. They fell as they had risen—by female machinations. In one department alone, that of diplomacy, the age showed some signs of productiveness, but superiority in this direction is frequently the mark of a decadent age and country.

The worst feature of this female ascendancy is that woman, while enjoying the luxury of ruling in every department of life, had at this time no idea of accepting the responsibilities of

power. An artistic age had brought to a high pitch of perfection the supreme art of concealing its art. Woman ruled without reigning. She made it impossible for any one to control anything, from the finances of France to the developments of philosophy, without having previously acquired the wisdom of "the world"—in its narrowest sense. There was too much of the middleman in politics and society; the third person was too persistently substituted for the first. An almost burlesque illustration of this may be found in the interview between Mme. de Pompadour and M. de Melnières, a disaffected member of the parliament of Paris, whom she had summoned for the purpose of buying off his opposition. She began by treating him with a well-calculated haughtiness, and then, by presenting her own ideas as though at second-hand, made Melnières feel the very presence of the king, and rendered free discussion on his part impossible. "Her speech was that of a king confronting a revolt, when she asked: 'But I must ask you, gentlemen of the parliament, who are you, indeed, to resist, as you do, the wishes of your master?'" The offender went out, not converted indeed, but silenced for the moment and filled with admiration for the real ruler of the kingdom. The same incognito was preserved more or less severely by all the active women of the century. None of them was more indefatigable than Mme. de Tencin, who covered her Herculean labors on behalf of her brother with a veil of indolence. The Goncourts, indeed, credit her with a *mine d'oiseau*, but a glance at some of her portraits suggests that the only bird to which she could be fitly compared is the hawk. The feminine aversion to doing anything at first-hand is shown again, on the literary side, by Mme. du Deffand's categorical repudiation of a burlesque written by her: she

even goes out of her way to say, "Je n'ai jamais rien écrit"; and yet the work in question had a brilliant success.

Feminism is not the note of the century; woman's hand is everywhere, but it works in the dark. Woman makes man and worships the work of her own hands. Mme. de Tencin, and Necker's wife and daughter, had no need to look upwards to see the men they delighted to honor; but they did so, and got, perhaps, a glimpse of the stars thereby. Julie de Lespinasse made a hero out of a Guibert and died of her mistake. It was this Guibert who, at the close of a *liaison*, being solicited to return the letters he had received, sent back a miscellaneous packet of them, including some that belonged to a previous entanglement. In many cases the woman saw through the man—her instrument; Louis XV was a hero to none of his mistresses; they had all been trained to ensnare him, and pursued their aim with cold-blooded deliberation. The Pompadour was trained by Mme. de Tencin; Mme. de Vintimille, one of the two sisters of Mme. de Chateauroux who filled the titular position, conceived the ambition to win it while still within the walls of a convent-school, and attained it by her own exertions. The war of the sexes was never fiercer, as the Goncourts point out, but it was a series of isolated engagements. There was no common cause of woman-kind, no feminist movement, in the eighteenth century.

If we give the eighteenth century its most elastic interpretation, and include among its offspring all that died and all that were born between 1715 and 1789, the number of notable women is stupendous. We see at once the significance of these boundaries if we step outside them and try to find the same types. None of the women in the preceding century have the same directive force; those who survive the end of the century are seen losing it. Mme.

de Staël impersonates the last struggle of the spirit of the age; Mme. Récamier represents its final extinction and the triumph of normal ideas; Mme. de Boigne is almost completely estranged from the society into which she was born. At the other end it would be a quibble to put Mme. de Maintenon or Ninon de Lenclos inside the period, and they are perhaps exceptions; the Grande Mademoiselle is only an apparent exception, her early Fronde experiences being totally blotted out by her subsequent insignificance. Her salon and its contemporaries had no particular influence; the Hôtel Rambouillet was only an Essay Society. But, if we keep within our limits, we shall find a vast number of women united by this circumstance, that they did really impress themselves on their times. Two queens, one of them an exceptionally interesting personality, various princesses, great ladies who simply filled their position well, great ladies who had subsidiary interest, political, literary and philosophical ladies, *salonières* (a term which will include many of the above), and the mistresses of Louis XV give some of the headings for a formidable total. There are many others who are interesting in themselves, without greatly affecting society in general, such as the actress, Adrienne Le Couvreur, who had yet some connection with history, through her illustrious friendships and the strange circumstances of her death and burial; Mlle. Aïssé, with her sublime love-story; and Mme. Louise de France, whose splendid piety and filial devotion set French royalty an example that it was too late to follow.

Among this host of personalities there are a few who have secured the chief share in the interest of the present day. The popularity of the period has discovered many unexplored nooks, and has shown that our knowledge of its social history is as yet very incomplete.

The fascinating memoirs of Mme. de Boigne, reaching back almost a century, give us a vivid, if somewhat imaginative first-hand impression of the last years of the monarchy. Her hearsay anecdotes carry us back further still. The life of Mme. de Staël, which shows the pure intellectualism of the eighteenth century in conflict with the hard facts of the Napoleonic era, has been told and retold. The elucidation of her relations with Benjamin Constant has provided material for interesting psychological studies. Mme. Récamier, whose portrait it is impossible to keep away from, is another favorite of the biographer. But the never-failing heroine of romance and biography is Mlle. de Lespinasse. She and Mme. de Staël may between them claim as many lives as the proverbial cat. We do not think, however, that we are doing any one a wrong when we cite the Marquis de Ségur as her true biographer. The wealth of material at his disposal, and the pains he has taken to elucidate it, have established the essential truth of this great historical romance. M. de Ségur has also contributed to the study of Mlle. de Lespinasse's patron and rival, Mme. du Deffand. The names of these two women are inseparably connected, owing to the dramatic circumstances of their separation. They are two similar but opposite productions of the eighteenth century; Mme. du Deffand is the friend of Voltaire, and embodies the blighting scepticism of the age; "ich bin der Geist der stets verneint"; though in Voltaire's constructive ideas, material as they were, she had no share. The Utopia of the *philosophes* finds, by the way, a strange response in some of the *philosophes* of the present day. The building of aqueducts, the embellishment of the capital, and the nationalization of various public functions, which Voltaire considered the best means of getting rid of the

misery of the country, and of hastening the millennium, are precisely the specifics that M. Anatole France finds so beneficial in what he describes as the municipal religion of Rome, and which he would apply to modern France. But Mme. du Deffand had no gleams of hope and consolation. She had tried family life and had found it wanting; the experience of others wrung from her the cry: "tous les jours, je remercie le ciel de n'avoir pas d'enfants." Nothing was left but the pursuit of pleasure, and the possibilities of obtaining it soon became for her very limited. Blindness, the loss of her principal friend, d'Alembert, as well as that of many others, with the additional bitterness of their having deserted to her rival, insomnia and dyspepsia darkened her last days. The company of human beings became her one resource; not that she expected to get much joy from their presence, but because she feared loneliness like death. The sweets of intellectual enjoyment turning to ashes in her mouth, she was driven into epicureanism. "Supper is one of the four ends of life; I forget the other three." To Walpole, who suggested that, at the approach of her eightieth year, she should show some sort of moderation in gastronomical matters, she replied with witty exaggeration: "Il y a mille ans que je vis comme cela; ce n'est plus la peine de changer." She had none of the affections or the illusions; she extended her negation even to the possibility of friendship, where she was concerned. She seems to have mistrusted even the strength of her affection for Walpole and of his response to it. She found it almost impossible to believe that Wiart, her old servant, was weeping on her account, when she lay upon her deathbed. Intellectually she was against all constructive ideas, and was only passively destructive. Even Voltaire could not induce her to throw in

her lot with the Encyclopædists. In her view it would have been replacing a lie by a lie. Mme. du Deffand's life is an epitome of the century, without the cant of its late years. She began by throwing herself whole-heartedly into the frivolity and license of the Regency; she was the most uncompromising champion of aristocrat society, while assisting with her tongue the cause of disintegration; and she ended in an atmosphere of pure speculation, from which, however, unlike most of her contemporaries, she would not affect to derive comfort. No braver, sincerer woman ever lived, and we feel that she has not received her full meed of study and admiration, when so many others have been fêted and honored in a library of books.

Mme. du Deffand is chiefly known to us through her relations to Mlle. de Lespinasse, who can certainly not complain that history has neglected her. Her claims on the attention of history are due to her having played the part of heroine in one of the most thrilling love-tragedies of real life or fiction. Her story is unique and so is her temperament, but both received the stamp of her time. Many of the incidents of her upbringing and her later life would serve as lurid commentaries on the morals and institutions of her time; her life is a text on which to embroider the whole history of the eighteenth century. She was the daughter of Diane d'Albon and, as M. de Ségur has proved, of the Comte de Vichy; the latter subsequently married Mme. d'Albon's daughter, and Mlle. de Lespinasse filled an almost menial position in their household. After a short trial of a convent, Julie was rescued from her terrible position by M. de Vichy's sister, the Marquise du Deffand, and became a sort of mistress of the ceremonies to the latter's salon. After a few years of this, Mlle. de Lespinasse availed herself of her patron's blindness and

ill-health to establish a second subsidiary salon under the same roof. Discovery led to a rupture, and Julie had to throw herself on the kindness of her friends and form a real salon of her own elsewhere. With her went the chief ornament of Mme. du Deffand's society, d'Alembert, who was told by his original patroness to choose between her and her rival. The choice made by d'Alembert embittered Mme. du Deffand's last days and rendered reconciliation impossible. Years afterwards, when Julie died of a broken heart, her former friend and protectress could find nothing else to say than—"She should have died sixteen years ago; then I should not have lost d'Alembert." Mlle. de Lespinasse's salon became the intellectual centre of Paris; it was one of the "ante-chambers of the Academy," the *foyer* of the Encyclopædia, and the rallying-ground for distinguished foreigners. It had no rivals, except the house of Mme. Geoffrin, whose *bourgeois* origin, however, prevented her from receiving an absolutely representative society. Mlle. de Lespinasse had a singular gift of sympathy; she contrived to draw the best out of everybody; "she was the soul of a conversation, never its subject." The result of this happy disposition, in the words of M. de Ségur, is that, while "Mme. Geoffrin is feared, Mme. du Deffand admired, and Mme. Necker respected, Julie alone is loved." She was happy in the services of a lieutenant who was in close sympathy with her. D'Alembert's story had much in common with that of Julie; he also was an illegitimate child, abandoned by his mother, the heartless Mme. de Tencin, and his love-story was equally unfortunate. He worshipped Mlle. de Lespinasse all her days, and only found out after her death that a passionate romance, in which he had had no part, had been enacted under his very eyes.

The happiness of Julie de Lespinasse was wrecked, as it were, almost in sight of port. She had nearly reached old age before she knew the troubles of love, which for her were to be of such a consuming character. When the passion came to her at last, it came in a double shape, a strong and reciprocated love for the Spanish Marquis de Mora, and a blind devotion for the shallow Comte de Guilbert, who soon ceased to bring anything in return. She lost her passion for Mora at the very time when he was dragging himself from Spain to Paris, in a dying condition, in order to see her once more and revive in her glances. Almost at the very hour when her true lover was breathing his last sigh, Julie surrendered to the inconstant Guilbert. The news of the latter's subsequent betrothal to a young girl was a blow from which she never recovered, and she died within a few months.

If Mme. du Deffand is the friend of Voltaire, Mlle. de Lespinasse is the disciple of Rousseau, not, perhaps, in the narrower sense, but as exemplifying broadly the effects of the second of the philosophical tendencies, that converged to the Revolution. She had not Mme. du Deffand's cool head to save her from

The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

the consequences of a warm heart. Her life was ruined by sentiment, not the sentimentalism that Rousseau created, the random squandering of feelings and affections, but the unpreparedness that ensured defeat when the assailant came, and a fatalistic attitude making loyalty to Mora, and resistance to Guilbert, alike impossible.

The eighteenth century is there, in the *ennui* of Mme. du Deffand and in the agony of Mlle. de Lespinasse. The opulence and glitter of wit, a highly developed art of living, but somehow no sheet-anchor. The removal of fears by the banishment of the Devil, and the material panaceas of Voltaire are as empty of consolation as the "gospel according to Jean Jacques." When we consider the men of the century, we feel that woman deserved to rule, but if we take woman on her own merits we feel that she had not much more of the faith that of living makes life. And yet we cannot pass judgment on the century they lived in; it is an age of great human interest—not, perhaps, the "century par excellence" that the Goncourts would make of it, nor, most assuredly, the abomination of desolation imagined by Carlyle.

R. F. Smalley.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BRIDGE OF BIHET.

"This is Williams all over!" said Major Saundersfoot at the Farishtabad Club. "Always edging the enemy out of his positions and letting him get clear away, almost without fighting. Why in the world didn't he send a stronger force across the Barl, and bring the Scythians to a stand?"

"Because he hasn't the men," said a transport officer. "Do you realize what the butcher's bill would have been, with

the Scythians at bay like that? We might have cut off their retreat, but it would have cost us half the army. Napoleon could sacrifice armies deliberately, as the Xipanguese can now. We can't afford it."

Major Saundersfoot growled angrily. "What's the good?" he demanded. "We must bring them to a stand at last, or they'll merely come again another day."

"Don't you think Bills knows that? He will bring them to a stand, but it will be between us and the Xipanguese,

up near Iskandarbagh somewhere. I expect to see him work them, work them, work them, northwards bit by bit with as little fighting as possible. A big surrender will suit him as well as a big battle."

"We are too squeamish nowadays," grumbled Major Saundersfoot. "When Williams goes out to fight, he's always thinking how many lives he can save."

"Well, no one can accuse you medicals of that sort of squeamishness," said his antagonist soothingly. "Better apply for a berth in the Xipanguese A.M.D., hadn't you? Plenty of work there."

"If we had been told ten years ago that we should need the help of the Xipanguese to keep India, we should have looked pleased," said another man peaceably.

"Well, it seems a choice between keeping it with them, and losing it without them," said the transport officer. "If we won't maintain an army big enough to do our proper work, we must get some one else's to help us—for a consideration."

"But I say, you know," said the peaceable man, "all that business last year had no right to happen. If Bills and Germaine can drive back the Scythians now, without reinforcements—or with next to none—why didn't we keep them out then?"

"Are you asking for information?" demanded the other. "Because we were taken at a disadvantage, of course—any one will tell you that. The people's minds had been disturbed, the native army was discontented, the Government at home was too fond of peace to let us be prepared for war. Now we have a Government that means business, and a Viceroy sent out to end the war, with a C-in-C. who will back him up. But even now we can't get out of the wood without the Xipanguese."

"But why are we invariably taken at

a disadvantage?" broke in Major Saundersfoot. "It always happens."

"Ah, that I can't say, unless it is that we prefer a few soldiers to look at in peace-time to a big army for use in war. Who's that *chit* for, boy?"

"For the Major Sahib," and the servant presented Major Saundersfoot with an official-looking document.

"Ah, I've got my route," he said, after glancing at it. "The hospital is to move on to Ranjitgarh, and take up its old quarters at the Antony School—follow in Williams's triumphant footsteps, in fact."

"Don't be too sure," said the transport officer, not unnaturally irritated by Major Saundersfoot's air of being indispensable at the front. "This thing mayn't be a walk-over all along. Wait till Bills has shepherded the Scythians up to Payab."

"No need to wait for that," said a man who had just come in. "We've got a bad check before Agpur."

"What's that?" demanded Major Saundersfoot. "Winshill been playing the fool again? He ought to have been superseded after that Magersfontein business last hot weather."

"So he would have been, but—there are ways and means," said the new arrival. "Williams's orders showed pretty clearly what he thinks of him."

"What were they?" asked several voices.

"He was to advance to Dostabad so as to keep the Scythians and their work round Agpur under observation, but to remain strictly on the defensive, and on no account to risk a frontal attack."

"But there was no distrust there. It's simply Williams's usual dodge, as we were saying just now. He or Germaine would come down upon the Scythians in the rear while Winshill held them in front, and force them out of the place without any fighting to speak of. Well, what has gone wrong?"

"I imagine Winhill and the Second Army would rather fight than not. They have last year's affair to wipe out, you see. And so they've made things a good deal worse."

"Good heavens, man! can't you say what has happened?"

"Why, it seems that Winhill discovered—perhaps he was meant to discover it—that the Scythians had no intention of waiting to be forced out. They preferred to choose their own time and retire in good order. That meant, of course, that once they got to Dera Galib they would have the road clear to Payab, and they could ask nothing better than for Bills to come down to Agpur and chase them."

"He could cut them off, though," said some one. "There's a cross-country line—starts from somewhere between Nizamabad and Bihet."

"Aga Harun," said the transport officer. "But the line's a rotten affair—wanders hither and thither, full of holes and corners, absolutely invites an enemy to meddle with it. I'd far rather take an army across by road. Beg your pardon, old chap."

"You say you want to hear what's happened, and you won't let me tell you," complained the narrator, and some smoothing down was necessary before he would consent to go on. "Well, you see Winhill's point. There was no chance of the Scythians allowing themselves to be worked out of Agpur and up into the wild country so Williams's plan was spoilt already. More than that, if they succeeded in getting to Payab, and uniting with their friends from Ranjitgarh, H.E. would have a very nasty nut to crack. But if they could be stopped, it would mean a pitched battle for the Second Army—just what it was thirsting for, instead of hanging on at the tail of the enemy's rearguard and worrying him. It was the sort of time—don't you know?—when the born soldier re-

veals himself by rising superior to his orders, and Winhill decided to reveal him."

"But what about the telegraph?"

"Scythians had made a sortie—most conveniently—and cut the wires. The theory was that they had done it to prevent Winhill's warning Williams of the intended evacuation, of course, but I don't believe Nelson was ever so thankful for his blind eye as Winhill was for that sortie. Anyhow, he attacked, and failed."

"Same old trap?" asked some one cynically.

"No, they avoided that—weren't to be caught again. Fact is, the Scythians in Agpur must have made a much better use of their winter than the Ranjitgarh people, or else they had some sort of military genius among them. They had mines, and wire entanglements, and all the devilry that one heard of first in actual war at Port Horatio. Our men—white and black—are not Xipanguese, you know. They made rush after rush, and even gained a little ground, but the nearer they got, the more intolerable the fire became, and at last—well, they refused to face it any longer. It seemed as if they were no nearer than at the beginning, and those that could get away did."

"One way of wiping out last year's disgrace!" said Major Saundersfoot. "What will happen after this?"

"It will spoil all Bill's plans for him," said the man who had brought the news.

"Some people won't be sorry for that," said the transport officer. "They'd rather see him unsuccessful than themselves proved false prophets. They objected to his appointment, they hated his leading the army himself, they are always mocking at him for slowness and caution. Now I suppose they'll gloat."

"No one will gloat who knows anything," said the peaceable man.

"What I'm afraid of is, that this news will play the very mischief at home. Our people haven't learned to harden their hearts and take defeat calmly yet."

He was unfortunately near the truth, for the campaign had so far been sadly lacking in the spectacular elements which capture the public sympathy. The task set before Lord Williams and General Germaine was complicated by many factors the importance of which would not suggest itself to the casual observer. The immense distances to be traversed, the interruption of all the ordinary means of communication, and the anxiety of the general populace to discern the winning side and adopt that, served both to increase the difficulties, and to render news hard to obtain and dangerous to disseminate. It was not easy to realize how precarious the situation really was, for the recovery of Ranjitgarh had caused a momentary frenzy of loyalty to spread over India. Addresses of congratulation poured in, and the British officials at Shamsabad, far to the south, who had unostentatiously put the Residency in a state of defence and prepared to sell their lives dearly, found the very troops whose weapons they had expected to see turned against them eager to join Lord Williams's army. Now came this decisive check, with its appalling casualty list and its lamentable moral effect—as lamentable in England as in India.

The "peace-at-any-price" party at home, whether in Parliament or in the country generally, had only been scotched, not killed, by the burst of patriotic feeling which had swept Lord Mulliner and Lord Cooke into office, and carried Lord Williams and his veterans back to India. The House of Commons was still largely composed of those members who had watched passively the evacuation of Gajnapur and the retreat behind the Ghara, and the

present was the opportunity they chose for lifting up their voices. The recall of Lord Williams and the abandonment of Granthistan were openly advocated, and the compact with the Xipanguese was seized upon to brand Lord Mulliner as an inveterate upholder of "yellow labor." That unity of the nation in the face of danger, of which it is so gratifying to read when the danger is past, but which is often sadly conspicuous by its absence at the moment, was still to seek, and the fate of the Mulliner Ministry—and incidentally, that of India—trembled in the balance. Irby and Borrell and their supporters worked day and night, writing, wire-pulling, addressing meetings, pressing forward the organization of the Defence Clubs. Mr. Critten, moved with mighty wrath, wrote a poem in which he told his countrymen so many home-truths that, though dejected even to meekness at the moment, they developed an ungrateful thirst for his blood. The public mind was in the grip of an invincible nervousness, and a ministerial defeat must have followed, but for the news that the plan of the campaign in India had been modified. Sir James Germaine was coming down on Agpur from the rear, while Lord Williams remained, though with a dangerously depleted following, to keep the Ranjitgarh Scythians on the run. That the change was due to political rather than military exigencies could not be denied, and the Opposition papers indulged in much rejoicing and reprobation over it, but there was no difference of opinion between Prime Minister and Viceroy. The thing had to be done. A defeat in the House of Commons at this moment would mean either a General Election or a return to office of the party of retreat, the one bringing about the removal of Lord Cooke from the War Office on the very threshold of his work, and the other affording an unequalled opportunity to

the Continental enemy who was still dividing his attention between England in difficulties and Pannonia on the verge of disintegration.

The bad news from Agpur had caused a certain amount of unavoidable delay in the progress of Lord Williams's force. The duty of pursuing the retreating Scythians had necessarily been committed to a comparatively weak advanced-guard, which was able to harass them, but could do little more. The Viceroy's intention had been to follow on the heels of the enemy so closely as to give them no time to prepare positions for defence or to destroy the means of communication, forcing them to put forth all their powers if they were to reach Payab in a condition short of utter demoralization. But when he had seen one portion of his army start from Nizamabad to attack Agpur from the east, while another was entraining with all possible speed at Aga Harun to take the cross-country route and come down upon it from the north, and part of the Second Army had been ordered to retrace its steps, and crossing the river, march up towards Dera Galib in order to co-operate from the south-west, it was inevitable that the course of events should have changed for the worse on his right.

The railway between Ranjitgarh and Aga Harun was blocked by Sir James Germaine's force on its roundabout way to Agpur, so that the reinforcements which were being hurried up from Farishtabad and Paniati could not proceed. The advanced-guard, which had clung gallantly to the heels of the retreating Scythians, had been brought to a standstill by the river Bihet, which was crossed by a double bridge for road and rail. The bridge was not destroyed, but the Scythian rearguard was holding the town of Bihet, on the farther bank, in strong force, and had mounted in batteries

constructed during the winter the heavy artillery brought from Ranjitgarh. The British force, concentrated in and around Zibgarh, on the southern bank, was faced with the fact that the bridge afforded the only means of crossing, since the Scythians had collected and destroyed all the boats that could be found. In order to carry out Lord Williams's favorite manœuvre of a flank attack, it would be necessary for the troops detailed for the purpose to return to Aga Harun, take the railway—the same line that was already choked with the force destined to operate against Agpur from the north—to Sharifpur, some fifty miles lower down the river, and march against the rear of the Bihet defences by road. And time was pressing. If the road had been clear, Lord Williams, while himself remaining at Zibgarh, could have ordered his supports, now eating their hearts out at Ranjitgarh and Nanakpur, to take this route by Aga Harun and Sharifpur, but they might have been in another continent, for all the possibility there was of using them at the moment. Meanwhile, every day's delay was a clear gain to the Scythians on the north of the Bihet. From Bihet northwards there would be innumerable opportunities of delaying a pursuer by blowing up roads and railways and defending strategic points, and once past Payab, the Scythians might hold the Kunji Pass until reinforcements reached them—if anything went wrong with Rustam Khan's operations in Ethiopia.

Notwithstanding the need for haste, the natural bent of Lord Williams's mind would probably have led him to hold the Scythian rearguard at Bihet while waiting for his supports, had not the feeling among his subordinates in favor of an immediate attack become very marked. There was no doubt that a decisive success—a showy feat of arms, in fact—would be of immense

service both in India and at home, and those entitled to offer advice pressed this upon the Viceroy in season and out of season, so far overcoming his reluctance that he consented at last to call a council of war. The news was received with great enthusiasm by the troops, for all were anxious to fight, and there was little doubt which way the verdict would go.

"Glad we've brought things to a point at last," said a staff-officer to Mr. Brooke. "Bills is slow, there's no doubt of it. This is a move in the right direction."

"Clive called a council of war once," said Mr. Brooke slowly.

"Ah, so he did. Good precedent!"

"But he acted in opposition to its finding, you know."

"Beastly unfair of him. What was the good of holding it?"

"To find out what not to do, I suppose. But I think we shall try this job."

"Yes, of course. We daren't lose more time."

"Oh, that's not the reason—the chief reason, at any rate. It's because the Hercynian Staff have said the British can't bring off a frontal attack, and because the Xipanguese would do it in our place."

"Well, and we'll show 'em we can." The staff-officer became aware, apparently, that he was talking to a mere volunteer, and stalked away.

Mr. Brooke's forecast was correct. The council of war reported in favor of a direct attack, and the Viceroy accepted its decision. The way was to be prepared by artillery fire, and then a picked force was to rush the redoubt which commanded the end of the bridge. For hours the artillery duel continued, until two of the Scythian batteries had been silenced, but the British fire continued until it seemed that no human being could be alive among the tumbled masses of earth

and mud-brick across the river. Then the infantry advanced, greeted by an occasional bullet from the Scythian bank, as if only a rifleman here and there had retained his post under the hail of missiles. When half the bridge had been crossed, the British artillery ceased firing, for fear of injuring the advancing column, and the spectators on the British bank watched the khaki-colored mass moving on, as it seemed, irresistibly. Then there was an instantaneous transformation scene. The khaki ranks appeared to crumple and wither, even before the sound of firing reached the men who were watching eagerly through their glasses from the British shore. The ruined Scythian earthworks were alive with riflemen, who had poured in a deadly fire at a range which made the poorest marksman effective. The horror of the spectacle was deepened by the apparent inexplicability of the catastrophe. There was no smoke, no flame, the enemy were barely distinguishable from the heaps of earth behind which they crouched. Only, instead of the mass of men pressing forward with a steady swing, there were blots and splashes of khaki, with ominous crimson shadows, in the roadway, and tiny isolated figures were seeking what cover they could find, and making a hopelessly feeble reply to the terrible fire.

The artillery fire from the British side broke out again, and supports were hurried forward across the bridge. But once again, as soon as the guns were silent, the riflemen poured in their deadly hail, this time at a longer range, but with a result almost equally fatal. It seemed that no one could cross that bridge of death, but when volunteers were invited for a third attempt, more than the necessary number were at once forthcoming. European and native starting forward side by side. This time the method of attack was somewhat modified. After a prelimi-

nary pounding by the artillery, the column advanced very gradually, taking advantage of such poor cover as was available, and lying down and firing whenever the head of an enemy was visible. Arrived at the scene of the failure of the second attempt, half of the men remained to fire, while the rest ran forward, to gain the ground strewn with the bodies of the first attacking party.

"Why, there's a lame man among them!" said the old officer who was watching the fight at Lord Williams's elbow. The two had been comrades for many years, and Sir John Fitz-james, known to all the army as "Jacky," was accompanying his friend through one more campaign.

"A lame man? So there is—a European, and not a regular. It can't be young Arbuthnot! Can you see if it's a Shikari?"

"Shikari right enough. But why not young Arbuthnot?"

"Married the day we left Farishta-bad—and I promised his wife to take care of him. What possessed him to go?"

"Fellow that saved your life in December; I remember. Well, 'how can man die better'—?"

"He ought to have thought of his wife," said the Viceroy impatiently. "Ah, look there!" His hands shook as he altered the focus of the glass, for the field of vision seemed to have become suddenly blurred. The running men had laid down in their turn, using as a dreadful rampart the bodies of those killed in the first rush, and the rear rank were running forward between them. A spasmodic outburst of firing from the redoubt had been answered by one from the recumbent men on the bridge, and an officer in the group behind Lord Williams and Sir John had remarked approvingly that the Scythian fire was not one quarter so heavy as before—"the lyddite must

have smoked 'em out a bit at last." But as he said it, the scene changed again. The outlines of the redoubt and the battered earthworks grew faint, as if a haze had swept before them, the bridge and the figures upon it—moving, recumbent, and motionless—rose in the air, then settled down into a great swirl of water, and a deafening report explained the sight. The Scythians had blown up the bridge, with the attacking party upon it.

There was no question now of further attempts to cross the river. An officer was sent forward with a white flag to arrange for a twelve hours' armistice, and rescuing parties set out, launching collapsible boats hastily inflated, or climbing along the ruins of the bridge, to look for the survivors. It was just sunset when the armistice was arranged, and during the greater part of the night lights flickered from broken pier to pier, as the bearer companies went backwards and forwards, or a surgeon crept perilously along a half-shattered span to attend to a man too desperately wounded to be moved as he was. Lord Williams, at the shore end, encouraged the workers and stimulated them to fresh efforts, and it was not until the small hours that he yielded to Sir John's persistent representations that all the wounded and dead that could be recovered had been brought back.

"But there is still a light moving at the end there," he cried, breaking from his friend's restraining hand.

"Major Brooke of the Shikaris, sir," supplied an aide-de-camp. "His cousin was one of the forlorn hope, and his body hasn't been found. Most of the poor fellows must have been swept away by the river, but he won't give up looking for him."

"Arbuthnot, of course," said the Viceroy heavily. "See that his name doesn't go down as missing until we

know something certain," he added sharply. "And wake me as soon as it begins to get light."

In the brief morning twilight the two old men climbed again to the roof from which they had watched the evening before. Sir John adjusted the Viceroy's binoculars, knowing well what he was waiting for—the moment of weird, almost unnatural clearness of vision that follows sunrise.

"Jacky!" The officers in the rear smiled involuntarily as the Viceroy's voice, high and thin with eagerness, uttered the familiar name—"there's a man—a body—on the pier nearest the redoubt. I saw a patch of khaki plainly. He must be saved. Send——"

"Brooke's off," said Sir John, as a boat shot out from a landing-stage some distance to the right. There were two men rowing, in a style seldom seen on Indian rivers, and a third sat in the bows.

"That's Folkington in the white shirt," said a civilian in the group. "He was up at Univ. with me."

"And the one in khaki must be the Padri who does odd jobs for the Shikaris," said some one else. "Cambridge man—rowed for the Varsity, I know. Meadows his name is."

"How much longer does the armistice last?" the Viceroy was asking anxiously of Sir John. "Up in ten minutes? We must have it extended. They have no Red Cross flag on the boat."

He gave a sharp order, and an aide-de-camp dashed down towards the bridge. The force of the current was driving the boat into a diagonal course, and the efforts of the rowers were directed towards bringing her as nearly as possible above the pier, so that she might drift down to it gently. It was a moment of eager suspense for the onlookers, for the slightest miscalcula-

tion would have dashed her against the pier, and flung her occupants into the water, but she was brought dexterously into a position where some slight shelter was to be had, and the two rowers held her there with all their might, while the third man clambered up the ruin above them. To the anxious eyes watching him, he seemed to occupy an eternity of time in fastening a rope round the khaki-clad form, which they could see plainly when he lifted it up, and moving it to the edge, but the business of lowering it into the boat was far more lengthy. The rowers durst not loose their hold of the pier, lest the boat should be swept away, and their companion was obliged to lower the body almost unaided. At the last moment there was a slip which almost swamped the boat, but after the gasp of alarm that marked it a cheer broke out from the British shore when it was seen that the three men and their helpless passenger were safe. Comparatively safe only, however, for the boat had now to run between two of the piers, and strike for the shore to the left of the bridge. As she appeared on the other side, a burst of firing from the Scythian bank greeted her, answered by a roar of execration from the British. The armistice, which no one had thought of during the last few minutes of tension, was over, and Lord Williams's emissary was still climbing out towards the broken end of the bridge, waving his white flag whenever he stopped to take breath. The rowers bent to their oars, and the boat pursued her diagonal course, followed by more shots, the riflemen running out on the roadway in front of the redoubt and taking deliberate aim at her over the parapet. An eager Gunner, whose battery was close at hand, stood fretting on the next roof to that occupied by Lord Williams and his staff, and the Viceroy looked across at him.

"Teach 'em manners, if you please!" he said, and never did a man reach his post in better time. A hall of shrap-

nel fell among the Scythian marksmen, and they fired no more at the boat.

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL IN FACT AND FICTION.

A poet who saw the line of the Alps from the top of Milan Cathedral might write a sonnet on their beauty; a peasant living amongst them would not be able to write a sonnet, but would testify that they were cold and not very fertile, that life was hard amongst them, and that the picturesque side of the avalanche did not appeal to the man who had just had his home wrecked under it. Thus the old proverb about distance and enchantment is still true, though it is now worn rather threadbare; and as one or two of the most famous books on school life have been written by middle-aged novelists, themselves successful at games during their school careers, those who have never been to a public school and who wish to understand the life must remember their point of view and so interpret.

The difficulty of writing a satisfactory book on school-days is of course notorious. To name a few such books, *Tom Brown's School-days*, and *Eric*, probably gave the richest reward to their authors, and together held the field from about the middle of the last century onwards, and for certain buyers may still retain it. Then there were *Basil the School-boy*, for the Sunday reading of those who are now long past their school-days, and *Seven Years at Eton*, a book which must not be confounded with *Seven Summers* at the same school, written by two boys during their own school-days. Then the *Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* appeared in the *Boy's Own Paper*, *Vice Versâ* very properly made its author's reputation

twenty years ago, and another book on Eton, *A Day of my Life*, by Mr. Nugent Bankes, was also successful in a more limited scope. Coming to more recent times, Mr. Barry Pain and Mr. Eden Philpotts have each written short stories about school-boys, some of the latter's being collected under the title, *The Human Boy*. Mr. Kipling, in *Stalky & Co.*, has treated the subject in his own way, which he is at pains to distinguish from that which enriched the world with *Eric*, and Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell has contributed *The Hill*. And when the future historian has read and assimilated all the books mentioned, and a score of others, he may, if he is able, reconstruct the school-days of those now living from his protracted studies—unless he thinks that, with all his chosen helpers contradicting each other, he can better do so out of his inner consciousness.

To be fair, it must be remembered that while the majority of the books above deal with the English public schools comprising boys between twelve and nineteen years of age, Mr. Barry Pain and Mr. Philpotts usually write of the private schools for boys between ten and fourteen, and *Vice Versâ* is also in this category. In private schools the scheduled working hours are longer as a rule, the boys having less to do out of school; but the chief difference will arise from the range of their respective ages. For the hero of the private-school book, the captain of the Eleven, aged thirteen, must necessarily be a less sympathetic and less dignified person than the

jeune premier of eighteen years and six foot, who does his duty in providing the public-school novelist with a good circulation. No doubt a boy's whole career at a particular school is described in most of the books; but whereas the public-school author finds the most congenial part of his task in describing the development of character as his hero progresses towards manhood, his colleague who deals with private schools has far less opportunity in this way, and has to fall back upon humor.

From this it follows that books on public-school life are usually aimed higher than the others, and demanding a more serious attention, should also be subject to a severer standard of criticism. *Vice Versâ*, for example, is written frankly to amuse (though it conveys an excellent moral lesson), but many of the other books have been accepted, at their author's valuation, as guides, and have influenced parents in their choice for or against a particular school, or even for or against a public-school education altogether. And so far as any such book misleads, and is still widely read, its author deserves the greater censure.

In this connection also literary skill must augment the offence by making a misleading story more plausible, and the worst case would be that of the writer who, either with a thin disguise, or openly, took his own school for a background. Thus, for good or evil, such books as *Tom Brown*, *Eric*, *The Hill*, and *Stalky & Co.*, are likely to have a more potent influence than *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*, a school which is not identified, unless by the fact that the office of "quarter-back" in Rugby football is established under its auspices.

And here may be a question whether, in any exaggeration, the author who deals in sentimentality, or one who errs in the other direction, is likely to

do the more mischief. The precocious piety detailed in *Basil the School-boy*, and in a less aggravated degree held up as an ideal in *Eric*, may bring misfortune to the little boy who receives one of these books from his godmother and tries to follow its precepts; but he would probably find himself in just as bitter a plight if he tried to imitate Stalky. In fact, the last course might be the more injudicious, as a certain type of clerical pedagogue would possibly smooth the way of an early pietist, whereas the budding Stalky could expect no mercy from either boy or master.

In another respect a book may mislead, not through any fault of the author, but simply by change of manners and customs. To take a classical instance, the scene in *Tom Brown*, where Arthur, in innocent piety, kneels to say his prayers in the dormitory and is derided in consequence, is read with emotion by a fond parent, who enjoins his offspring, "Never be ashamed of saying your prayers, my boy, under any circumstances." Then he inquires about a prospective school for his son, making a point about the prayers, and hears, no doubt correctly, that there is an excellent tone in the place in this respect. Whereupon he sends the boy, confident that he will be, as Mr. Squeers said, "in the right shop for morals."

It is possible that his confidence may be justified, but if so the inquiry will have had little to do with it. For, whatever may have been the case when stage-coaches ran, it is now "bad form" in any decent school to jeer at prayers, and this is equivalent to saying that it is never done. So far as *Tom Brown* conduced to this result the credit lies with its author; but Mr. Squeers brought up to date would now insist on private prayer at Dotheboys Hall, for commercial reasons, and the new-comer either there or anywhere else who an-

nounced that he was a convinced atheist would find he had made a very serious error. Perhaps one worse might be suggested—to ask the head boy of the school to join him in praying.

Again, in another matter luridly treated by the older books, a boy who openly got drunk might still be shielded from authority by his friends if he was popular, but there would be no admiration for the performance amongst his companions; and as regards public schools, surreptitious midnight feasts are things of the past, as boys can now lawfully over-eat themselves on "sock" (or "tuck," or "grub," as the case may be) in the daytime from the shops in the neighborhood open by private or official enterprise. There is a drunken scene in *The Hill*, but the author is careful to show that it is exceptional; and no reasonable parent need now be frightened on reading the orgies in *Eric*.

This is not equivalent to saying that in a police search through the public-schools it would be impossible to discover hidden bottles of port or whisky; and it may be that every now and then a good-natured and popular lad of no special strength of character may thus sow the seeds of a disastrous habit. But, speaking generally, this risk is such a small one for the average boy as to be almost negligible.

He may indeed learn to smoke (which he very likely does openly in the holidays from the age of seventeen or so), and in this one particular matter there may be a larger question of bravado than in the others. For detection is easy, and the punishment is, according to twentieth-century standards, out of all proportion to the offence. If a hint may be given to the parties concerned, some such punishment as a substantial reduction in diet for a few days would be a more effective deterrent from this offence than a flogging.

The birch has still a touch of romance about it; but the other could have none whatever, and put the sufferer in a position both painful and ridiculous.

To turn again to fiction on this point, Stalky smoked regularly (most people will be inclined to agree with Mr. Prout, that he was not a wholesome boy) but did not drink; the bad characters in *Tom Brown* and *Eric* drank to excess. Harrow boys are represented as drinking whisky in *The Hill*, whisky and claret in *The Green Bay Tree*, and Eton boys as taking port in *Seven Summers*. As an actual experience the writer during his five years and more at a public school saw two boys drunk, one of whom was discovered and birched. He knew of considerably more smoking; and fancies that if the masters had been of the mind of James I on this subject, instead of smokers themselves for the most part, they could have located one or two school smoking-rooms without much difficulty.

Thus the sensible parent, if one exists (school-masters have been sceptical), will not let himself be troubled about the absence of prayers or the presence of strong drink, but will send his son to school confident that the youth will kneel down regularly at his bedside every night and, unless he is singularly unfortunate in his companions and his house-master, will not have acquired the alcoholic habit to excess. The ethics of cribbing will trouble him less because for some reason parents seem almost to sympathize with the boys against the masters in this matter. If they reasoned the thing out they might find that the chief effect of the practice was to lessen the value of the education for which they paid with no corresponding benefit; but this they never seem to do.

Apart from possible dangers in drinking and smoking, and one other matter in which by British custom a boy is left by those in authority over

him with almost no help or guidance, parents hold that their sons have all to gain and nothing to lose by a public-school education; and a boy is fortunate if some old gentleman has not told him as he returns to school after the holidays that the speaker wishes he were doing the same. A private school-boy whose father ventured on this platitude should present the offender with a copy of *Vice Versâ* with as little delay as possible; but the haze of romance still surrounds the public school undispersed even by Stalky's "Unsavory Interlude."

Indeed, Mr. Kipling himself feels the charm and acknowledges it. The author of *Badalia Herodsfoot* is not afraid of facts, and in one chapter in *Stalky & Co.* he gives a forcible account of bullying, leaving the reader to infer that he speaks with authority; but any writer who tried to draw a picture of public-school life in drab and black, or even in drab only, would fail miserably. Apart from the unpopularity of a book offending against the great British canon that the public-school boy is the happiest mortal in the world, such a book would fail from its palpable untruthfulness.

For the glamor is in the air; no visitor can fail to know it. In fact, for most people it dominates all other impressions. The old elms and the young lives, the great peace of English landscape, the clean, white figures and the joyous medley of cricket on a summer's day, the quicker glow and stronger pulses of football on a winter's, strike a mingled note of serenity and vitality which those who read *Tom Brown*, or *The Hill*, or even *Eric*, can recall as they sit in their arm-chairs, and which perhaps for the winter scenes is most memorably recorded in "Forty Years On," as the river comes back with the "Swing, swing together" of the "Eton Boating Song," a literary production very much inferior

to "Forty Years On," though the tune is a good one.

The public-school boy is thus believed to live in a kind of fairyland untouched by the cares of money and the sordid side of life; and he finishes a typical career by becoming captain of the Eleven and making a century in his last match, with his people looking on and the head master wiping his moist spectacles.

A little simple arithmetic may here be suggested, though its presence in such a fairyland may be as vulgar as its own fractions. In a school of five hundred boys, and assuming that each boy stays five complete years (which is decidedly above the average period), about a hundred new boys will arrive annually and replace those leaving. Then making an even less warrantable assumption that the Eleven is renewed every year, and thus that the number of vacancies each year is a maximum, it follows by the law of averages that each new boy will have eleven chances in a hundred of representing his school at cricket, which fixes the odds as more than eight to one against him. And allowing for the fact that exceptional boys get their caps early, and remain in the Eleven for two, three, or sometimes as many as four years (thus materially reducing the number of vacancies), the chances against a boy of average ability attaining this honor must be at least ten or twelve to one, and probably more. And, of course, the chances against a boy becoming captain of the Eleven are proportionally greater, and a bookmaker who laid a hundred to one against each new arrival would find his business a good one.

From this it follows inexorably that the typical school-boy does not get into the eleven, or even into the "twenty-two" or "second eleven." If in addition the school football colors were thrown in, the chances would be against him; and here also three or

four boys will almost certainly win caps at both games.

At Eton the "eight" widens the area of first-class honors; but this is discounted by the size of the school. If the long list of the Old Etonian Association could be examined for the purpose there would be little doubt that members of the "eleven," "eight," "twenty-two," or "school field" would be in a small minority, and this notwithstanding that the number of boys used formerly to be much less than at present.

If minor honors are now included, such as places in the school-shooting team, the racquet pair, gymnastic team, and such inferior decorations as house-colors, it is probable that the average boy who stays at a public school for three years or more will win one or more of such distinctions; but whatever may be the effect on a boy's social position in the school, house-colors only very occasionally bring him the opportunity of showing off to visitors in the orthodox manner of the school-boy hero, and the shooting eight and racquet pair receive comparatively little attention, and that for a very brief time. Also, the chances of defeat in the winter-school competitions are of course very much greater than those of victory.

After the small percentage earning first-class honors in games have been eliminated, and the much larger one earning minor honors, there will remain a considerable number of boys who leave school without having gained any recognized distinction in games. This would normally be the case amongst those who left school early, before the completion of the third year; but the class would include many boys staying for a full period of five years, some of them being nearly at the top of the school before leaving.

Judged by the standard of skill at the various games allowed in a public

school, such boys might be reckoned as physically inferior; but the test is somewhat too rough to be conclusive. Some boys develop late, others, like *Stalky & Co.*, may have no taste for cricket and football, and in the former game luck is an appreciable factor. And similarly, to consider success at these games as a test of character, no boy without courage can be captain of a football team, nor can cricket be played successfully unless the player is willing to risk a few bruises; but it is possible for a lad to be physically and morally sound, even beyond the average, without acquiring proficiency in either game. Plenty of men have distinguished themselves on the field of battle who have failed on that of cricket; and the story about the Duke of Wellington and the playing-fields of Eton retailed to generations of school-boys has at length been acknowledged to be mythical.

On the foregoing analysis, boys leaving school early will probably attain no rewarded distinction at games; of those staying their full time the majority will get one or two "colors," a small percentage will be included in the cricket or football elevens, and a larger percentage will remain throughout undecorated. Indeed, it is clear that if "colors" are to confer prestige, some must be content to forego them and act as foils to the more fortunate; for, save in such affairs as the race in *Alice in Wonderland*, success means to attain a prize for which others also have striven and have failed.

Thus, the parent who reads *Tom Brown, The Hull*, or *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* may make up his mind that, unless his lad shows unusual promise at games, it is far more likely that he will be a spectator than a contestant in the school matches, and that, if the boy is in the least backward, or delicate, or physically weak, he will be a failure by the standard of "colors,"

and this notwithstanding that Tom Brown, for moral reasons, put Arthur into the Eleven (the opinion of the "twelfth man" on the matter not being given). The question that the parent, then, may pertinently consider, though he does not usually do so, is as to the direct effects of "colors," or a boy's enjoyment during the period thus conventionally represented as the happiest in his lifetime.

Two assumptions, fostered by the novelists, seem to underlie the popular conception of school life. The first is that sordid class distinctions based on wealth and snobbery are entirely absent. This is true with some qualification. In one or two schools winners of scholarships—often sons of poor men—have some social handicap, and the presence or absence of pocket-money does make a difference, though not to such a degree as at either University or in later life. Perhaps the position may be stated in this way—that the eldest son of a duke or millionaire will have to win his place in the cricket or football team by merit, but that his merit will have a less chance of being overlooked than usual.

The other assumption is that, since class distinctions based on wealth and snobbery do not exist, there must be a universal spirit of *camaraderie*, qualified only by the respect due from the younger to the elder. Because of age and position a new boy must not exhibit "lift" or "side." This seems reasonable enough, and his parents, knowing also that fagging is a light matter and does not now lead to bullying, foresees the time when his boy will acquire the right to be admired and venerated in his turn.

It may be conceded that hero-worship prevails even more at a public school than it does amongst young ladies; but it may be well to consider the fashion of hero. The clue to Thackeray's snob was that he admired a

duke, and his admiration was servile. The romantic young lady admires an elderly actor from afar, and her admiration is silly. The clue to public school hero-worship is that the public school boy, obeying his own unwritten but iron law, admires the boy who succeeds in getting his "colors" for football and cricket, and correspondingly despises one who remains at school for the full time and fails to do so. If, in addition, the latter is intellectually successful, he is known as a "sap" or a "swot," neither of which is a term of admiration.

The average parent who is also a novel-reader may picture his boy first as the faithful esquire of some cricketering Galahad who teaches him the virtues of muscularity without mawkishness (early piety, which is also obtrusive, being now at a discount), and in a few years, as Galahad himself, captain of the Eleven, and decorated with a halo of the manly British pattern obtainable only in the Island Kingdom.

It may be said at once that he does not dream impossibilities. The potential saint may go to a public school, become a good cricketer, and hand on the traditions of his own virtues. Perhaps the prettiest picture of him is Mr. Kipling's "Cottar" in *The Brushwood Boy*, who, according to another character in the story, had one compeer only, a young man shot in South Africa.

But potential saints are rare, and it is safer to assume that the captain of the Eleven is an ordinary mortal with a quick eye, and rather more active than most boys. Is he, then, more virtuous and more honorable than his fellows? The novelist too often assumes that cricket spells virtue, and that, therefore, he must be, and in making such a foolish assumption vitiates his whole picture. For the truth is, that, just as unprincipled men have nevertheless become great states-

men, soldiers, and sailors, so it is possible for a really vicious boy to be a fine cricketer and athlete, like Mr. Vachell's "Scalfe" in *The Hill*, and it is not only possible, but often happens. The school-master tells his charges that indulgence in any sort of vice ruins the connection between hand and eye in games, thus making his appeal where he knows it will tell. In the long run he may be perfectly right; but unless a boy is degenerate and depraved by nature from an unfortunate ancestry or otherwise, it is almost impossible for him to injure himself permanently in this way before he is twenty. So a healthy boy with bad instincts will find that he can indulge them in reason and still play cricket, and even football, as well as ever, and the lie found out naturally destroys the entire virtue of the truthful part of the statement.

Parents may thus take it that the heroes and demi-gods whom the little boys will be led to admire in their first term at school may be very good, but they may also be very bad, and the change in a school can be effected very rapidly; and that, though personal virtue may tell in the competition for "colors," intolerance of its opposite is likely to be a serious handicap. The tyranny of the old tradition against "sneaking" may be partly responsible for this. It may indeed require far more moral courage to inform a house-master of vicious practices than to remain silent, but the informer is condemned by the boys' unwritten law, and unless he is very good at games, or a very strong character indeed, may make up his mind that his life will not be worth living for a long time after he has invited authority, especially if it be against a popular cricketer. In one case within the writer's knowledge a boy who was expelled at a day's notice for the grossest vice, left his school smoking a big cigar and with a

shower of rice from sympathetic companions, not because he was prominent or popular, for he was neither, but simply because there was a violation of unwritten tradition in the manner of his detection.

This tradition also protects the bully; but a big boy who continually persecuted a very little boy would probably find public opinion against him. Perhaps the most realistic descriptions of bullying at school are in *Tom Brown* and *Stalky*. In passing, the publication of *Tom Brown* revived certain forms of bullying at Rugby which had been entirely forgotten. Whether many modern school-boys could undergo a successful examination as to the tortures practised by Sefton and Campbell in *Stalky & Co.* the writer does not know; he can only say that after being at schools preparatory to two different public schools, going to a third, and having friends at the University from nearly all the rest, his own marks would be zero.

One safety valve to bad feeling has disappeared, because for some strange reason fighting is now "bad form" at many schools. The more violent kinds of bullying may have disappeared also; but an unpopular boy may have his life made a burden to him by the united persecution of a few of his own contemporaries "ragging" him, i. e. teasing and irritating him, and perhaps destroying the work he has to show up, and he has absolutely no remedy short of the humiliating and last resource of asking his parents to take him from the school. In such a case the boy may be eccentric and timid, or otherwise not conforming to the ordinary type; his persecutors need not be necessarily cruel by nature, though probably the ringleader will be. But it is possible for a boy to be made desperately unhappy, with the consolation of sympathy denied to him, for he must not tell his people, and with the added

bitterness that by a rigid etiquette he must when at home defend his school from all aspersions by outsiders and declare that it is better than any other.

Speaking generally, these woes never befall the successful cricketer or football player; and the soundest advice to a parent who wishes his son to have the best possible time at school will be to invest a few pounds in the service of a cricket professional both before the boy goes to school and during the holidays. At least two distinguished families of brothers have got into their school elevens by this method, and as cricket must be played at most schools, and is the best game for the successful and the worst for those who fail at it, the time and money spent will be useful directly as well as indirectly. Whether this plain fact is deplorable or otherwise is merely a question of opinion and need not be discussed here.

A boy going to Eton ought also to be taught swimming, so as to have the choice of the river if he does not like cricket; and parents should realize that to take a lad away from school early is to cut all his ambitions in two, giving him all the pains of striving without possibility of the rewards of victory which come in the last eighteen months or so. To sum up, the boy who can play games well will have a very good time indeed at a public school, the boy who can play them fairly will have a fair time, but the best that the unsuccessful may hope, if he is deferential and good-natured, is to be tolerated as a foil to the more brilliant, to field at cricket, form one of the pack at practice games of football, and pray to be delivered from the sin of envy. If he resents self-effacement

The Albany Review.

his lot will not be peaceful, and if, in addition, he affects to despise cricket he will court still greater hardships, for the schools where a Stalky could flourish must indeed be few and far between.

This is not saying that such a boy's education will be wasted; he will have the opportunity of learning cheerfulness in adversity and humility, two most admirable virtues; and if he does not acquire them he must at least learn plausibility or he could never adapt his manners to his circumstances. In some ways his is the more valuable training; for though public school boys learn modesty in deportment so thoroughly in their first years that all can practise it when necessary, the successful cricketer is apt to miss some of his accustomed homage when he leaves school, while the studious boy or failure at cricket may be correspondingly cheered on finding that he takes his place on the stage of life with a possible speaking part and not as a permanent "super."

But learning the more exalted Christian virtues is likely to be a painful process, and seldom conduces to enjoyment; and the foolish old myth about the happiest time in existence should subject any old gentleman guilty of its utterance to a boy who is not a good cricketer, to the fine of an immediate and handsome tip in the latter's favor, unless the "Garuda Stone" can be recovered, when the offender could appropriately share the fate of Mr. Paul Bultitude in *Vice Versâ*. In that case it is safe to say that the offence would not be repeated and perhaps the truth would then take the place of a stale and unmeaning platitude.

Alfred Fellows.

THE MISTRESS OF GREAT TEW.

The seventeenth century was hardly less remarkable for its women than for its men. "There is," says Mr. S. R. Gardiner, "a mingled sweetness and strength in the characters of the English women who confront us in the biographical sketches of the day the moment we leave the precincts of the Court." Of this mingled sweetness and strength it would be difficult to find a better example than Lettice Morison, destined to become the wife of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, and the mistress of Great Tew. Clarendon describes her as "a lady of most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced." But apart from a few scattered hints in Clarendon we owe our knowledge of her life and character almost entirely to a devotional work composed by one John Duncon, a "sequestered parson," who after the loss of his living became chaplain at Great Tew and spiritual adviser to the sore-stricken widow of Lord Falkland. "It hath fared with me," writes the good Duncon, "(by the extraordinary blessing of God) as sometimes it doth with Shipwrecked Mariners, to be cast off a tempestuous Sea into a rich Island. Had I gone onward in the voyage I set out for (attending my Cure in Essex), I could not have promised myself so much content and satisfaction (no, not in outward respects) as my happy Shipwreck (by sequestration from my Parsonage) hath gained me. I left Houses and Friends, but God provided (according to His promise, S. Mark x. 30) even these worldly Comforts, with an hundredfold Advantages. I shall offer no other proof for it than that I was received with full Accommodations, and plentiful Conveniences in the House of the Right Honorable Vi-Countess Falk-

land, and in this Family, while I was reaping Carnall Things there appeared to me a necessity of sowing Spirituall things. This virtuous Lady, afflicted with Barenness in her Soul, wanted Inward Comforts; and I, being the nearest (though the meanest) of God's ministers, undertook that Office of Comforting."

John Duncon's little book has long been known to all professed students of this period; but probably to them only. It is well calculated to make a wider appeal, and many people will now, it is to be hoped, incur a debt of gratitude to Mr. Murray for republishing it in dainty and accessible form.¹ Thanks to the unaffected simplicity and *naïveté* of Duncon's narrative we are admitted to the inmost recesses of a life as pure and beautiful as any of those which cast a halo of peace upon the stormy days of the Puritan Revolution and the great Civil War.

Of the part played in the Revolution by the husband of Lettice Morison much has been written in recent years. The career and character of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, would seem to exercise a perennial and almost universal fascination. This is due partly, of course, to the peculiar position occupied by Falkland in relation to the fierce conflicts of his day; partly to the extraordinarily modern interest of the problems over which he brooded; partly to the lofty character, the brilliant endowments, and the tragic end of the man himself; and not least to the incomparable beauty of the portrait drawn by his inconsolable friend, Lord Clarendon:—"In this unhappy battle (of Newbury) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowl-

¹ "Lady Lettice, Vi-Countess Falkland," by John Duncon, edited, with Introduction, by M. F. Howard. London: John Murray, 1906.

edge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity."

In Falkland's brief but crowded career there was no incident at once more characteristic or more romantic than his marriage. His chosen bride was the daughter of Sir Richard Morison, of Tooley Park, Leicestershire, and the sister of his dearest friend, Sir Henry Morison. Of the latter we know little, but it will be remembered that Ben Jonson's exquisite *Pindaric Ode* was written to commemorate "the immortal memory and friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison." Unfortunately this marriage with Lettice Morison, "a young lady whom he passionately loved, without any considerable portion," was the cause of an irreparable breach between Lucius Cary and his father. The first Lord Falkland was deeply involved both in political and financial difficulties, and according to Clarendon entertained "expectations of redeeming and repairing his own broken fortune and desperate hopes in Court by some advantageous marriage of his son about which he had then some probable treaty." Clarendon's hint may perhaps refer to a projected alliance between Lucius and the daughter of the Lord Treasurer, Richard Weston, Earl of Portland. Such a marriage would unquestionably have brought great political as well as financial advantage to the Falklands; but Lucius, though the most dutiful of sons, was in this matter determined to please himself, and in 1631 (if the traditional chronology is trustworthy) Lettice Morison became his wife. The bridegroom was one and twenty, and

the bride about a year younger. Her upbringing had been admirable. "This elect lady," writes her chaplain, "set out early in the ways of God in the dawn or morning of her Age. There was care taken while she was young that she should be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: She came not from her nurse's arms without some knowledge of the principles of the Christian religion. While she was very young her obedience to her parents was very exact; and as she began, so she continued in this gracious and awful temper of duty and observance." Nor was the training of the mind neglected. "Within a short while, by reading good Authors, and by frequent converse with learned men she improves (by God's help) her natural talents of understanding, and reason, to a great degree of wisdom and knowledge." To uncommon endowments of intellect Lettice added rare loveliness of person. Small wonder that she won the heart of her brother's friend. "These riches of her piety, wisdom, quickness of wit, discretion, judgment, sobriety and gravity of behavior, being once perceived by Sir Lucius Cary, seemed Portion enough to him: These were they he prized above worldly Inheritances, and those other fading accessions which most men court. And she being married to him, riches and honor and all other worldly prosperity flow in upon her, and consequently to proceed in holiness and godliness grows an harder task, than before it seemed to be: it being much more difficult when riches and honor thus increase, then, not to set her heart upon them. Yet God enabled her by his Grace for this also; for when possession was given her of stately Palaces, pleasantly seated, and most curiously and fully furnished and of revenues and royalties unanswerable, though your Ladyship hath heard her acknowledging God's great goodness

toward her for these temporal preferences, yet neither you, nor any of her friends, could perceive her heart, any whit exalted, with joy for them."

The lot of Lucius and Lettice Cary was indeed as happy as heart could desire. The pious enthusiasm of Duncon in no way exaggerates his patron's good fortune. About two years before his marriage Lucius Cary had come into the inheritance settled upon him by his maternal grandfather, Chief Baron Tanfield,² "About the time," says Clarendon, "that he was nineteen years of age, all the land with two very good houses excellently furnished (worth above £2,000 per annum) in a most pleasant country, and the two most pleasant places in that country, with a very plentiful personal estate, fell into his hands and possession, and to his entire disposal." Every one who knows Burford and Great Tew will concur in Clarendon's eulogy. The Priory at Burford, Falkland sold to Speaker Lenthall for £7,000 in order to pay off the heavy encumbrances on his father's property. It was at Great Tew that he and his wife made their home.

A more beautiful or peaceful home it would be difficult to find. Clarendon describes it as being "within ten or twelve miles of the University." As a fact, in modern computation, it lies some seventeen miles north of Oxford, nestling in a depression in the very heart of the North Oxfordshire uplands. With its irregular street of stone-built, many-gabled, thatched cottages, with its noble lime-trees, its meadows and orchards and trim gardens, the village of Great Tew is indeed, as a recent writer has described it, "a veritable sylvan Arcadia." The property passed away from the Cary family at the end of the seventeenth century, and Falkland's house has disappeared. But the

splendid park remains, with the series of beautiful walled gardens, opening into each other, the stables and the dovecote, the limes and the famous elm-tree. In regard to this elm the tradition still lingers in the village that it used to be haunted by the ghost of the "unjust judge"—Tanfield—who, as an improving and perhaps a grasping landlord, came into sore conflict with the conservative villagers of Great Tew. The tale goes that the judge was wont to drive round the elm at midnight in a coach and six, which vanished up the tree when the clock finished striking. Some hold that the ghost was "laid" some time ago by a religious service performed by a priest, and that it will not reappear "until Burford brook runs dry." Others hold that the ghost will not be laid until the brook runs dry; but a close investigation reveals the fact that notwithstanding repeated attempts none of the present inhabitants of Great Tew have ever seen the spectral coach. It is perhaps safer, therefore, to assume that the former tradition is the sound one. But be this as it may, it needs little imagination for any student of Clarendon to people with distinguished ghosts the park and the gardens of Great Tew.

Lucius Cary's first thought on succeeding to his inheritance was to make it over to his father in reparation for the unprofitable marriage he had contracted. But the elder Falkland was not to be placated by any generosity. "His father's passion and indignation," writes Clarendon, "so far transported him (though he was a gentleman of excellent parts) that he refused any reconciliation, and rejected all the offers that were made him of the estate: so that his son remained still in the possession of the estate against his will, for which he found great reason afterwards to rejoice." Some two years after Lucius's marriage the elder Falk-

² Sir Laurence Tanfield, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was never, *pace* the recent editor of Duncon, "Lord Tanfield."

land died, and Lucius and his wife settled down to enjoy for a season all too brief the peaceful beauties of their Oxfordshire home.

It was the lull before the bursting of the great political storm. Clarendon asserts that the country during these years enjoyed "the greatest calm and the fullest measure of felicity," and even the Puritan May admits that "the times were jolly for the present." Whatever be the truth as to the country at large—and these, be it remembered, were the days of Laudian Visitations, of Star Chamber and High Commission Courts, of ship-money, and the rule of "Thorough"—there can be no doubt that for the Lord and Lady of Great Tew this was indeed a time of "greatest calm" and "fullest measure of felicity," and not only for the Master and Mistress of the house. For some five or six years (1633-1639) the Falklands kept open house for all that was most interesting and brilliant in the intellectual life of England. Clarendon has drawn a picture of the literary circle at Great Tew which is of incomparable and incommunicable charm: "His house . . . being within ten or twelve miles of the University, looked like the University itself by the company that was always to be found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and indeed, all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London: who all found their lodgings there as ready as in the Colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming and going, nor who were in his house till he came to dinner or supper where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony, or constraint to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together, whose company they

could wish, and not find in any other society." But Great Tew was the scene not only of the *Convivium Theologicum* described by Clarendon, but of the *Sessions of the Poets* commemorated in Suckling's well-known lines. Suckling indeed laments the change in Falkland's intellectual interests:

He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgotten his
poetry.

But the poets had their turn at Great Tew: Selden and Sandys, Sidney Godolphin, and "Jack" Vaughan, "Wat" Montague, and, above all, Ben Jonson, constantly enjoyed the hospitality of Falkland's home. "Old Ben," indeed, was the recipient, not only of his hospitality, but of his delicately bestowed bounty. "He seemed," says Clarendon, "to have his estate in trust for all worthy persons who stood in want of supplies and encouragement, as Ben Jonson, and many others of that time whose fortunes required, and whose spirits made them superior to, ordinary obligations." So the days passed, all too quickly, at Great Tew, in graceful hospitality and pleasant intercourse with all that was choicest and most cultured in Cavalier England. Children were born to Lucius and Lettice Cary—three sons: the eldest, Lucius, who succeeded his father as third Viscount and died abroad in 1649; Henry, afterwards fourth Viscount; and Lorenzo, who survived his father but a few years and died in 1645.

Meanwhile, the political clouds had been gathering, and in 1639 the storm burst, over Scotland. Falkland, always keen on military employment, "rode to the war" as a volunteer under Essex, and the happy days at Great Tew came to an end, never to be renewed. To the Long Parliament of 1640 Falkland was returned as member for Newport, and after fighting

side by side with Pym and Hampden for the destruction of the machinery of "Thorough" was finally driven over to the side of the King by the violence of the Puritan attack upon the Church, and by the revolutionary step involved in the publication of the *Grand Remonstrance*. Early in 1641 he took office—very reluctantly—as Secretary of State, and in that capacity did his utmost to avert civil war. His efforts failed, and the war that ensued broke his heart. "His natural cheerfulness and vivacity," writes his friend, "grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to. . . . Sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, he would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace*; and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." Before the first campaign was over Falkland found a soldier's death upon the field of Newbury (September 20, 1643), and three days later his body was laid to rest in an unmarked grave at Tew.

Of the days of Lettice Falkland's widowhood we have a touching and beautiful account in the artless pages of John Duncon. "This heavy affliction which God sent upon her she interpreted for a loud call from heaven, to a further proficiency in piety and virtue." Falkland bequeathed to his wife, absolutely, the whole of his personal estate, and she determined to expend it upon works of charity, mercy, and religion. "Her first and grand employment was," says Duncon, "to read and understand, and then (to the utmost of her strength) to practise our most blessed Saviour's Sermon upon the Mount." She built schools for the children; she maintained the aged and

sick; she provided work for the workless. So solicitous was she for feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, that "in some extremities you should see this Lady herself goe up and down the house and beg garments from her servants' backs (whom she requited soon after with new) that the poor might not go naked or cold from her dore." Her methods of indiscriminate relief apparently did not escape the censure of her more scientifically minded neighbors. The latter were probably right in their objection that "many idle and wicked people were by this course of charity relieved." Intellectually, we are all on the side of the critics. None the less, our hearts go out to Lady Falkland when she answers their objections thus: "I know not their hearts, and in their outward carriage and speech they all appear to me good and virtuous; and I had rather relieve five unworthy Vagrants, than that one member of Christ should go empty away." She was unremitting in her care for the sick of her own neighborhood: she personally visited their homes; supplied them with delicacies and medicines, and, "if need were, she hired nurses to serve them." She even carried the spirit of charity and forgiveness so far as to send relief to the Roundhead troops "when there were some store of them taken prisoner by the King's soldiers." Again her friends protested that "such an act would raise jealousies (in some) of her loyalty to His Majesty." Her answer was prompt and pointed. "No man," she retorted, "will suspect my loyalty, because I relieve these Prisoners, but he would suspect my Christianity, if he should see me relieve a needy Turk or Jew: however, I had rather be so misunderstood (if this my secret almes should be known) than that any of mine enemies (the worst of them) should perish for want of it." Duncon's pages abound with similar

instances which illustrate the character of Lettice Falkland: the combination in her of sweetness and strength; of gentleness of spirit and firmness of judgment; of large-hearted charity and nimble wit.

Of Lady Falkland it might truly be said that all the poor and weak, all the sick and suffering, were her neighbors. But the catholicity of her charity involved no neglect of her more immediate responsibilities. Her household was admirably ordered. "Her maids came into her chamber early every morning, and she passed about an hour with them; in praying, and catechising, and instructing them." But despite her strict self-discipline, despite her truly Christian resignation, there are occasional outbursts, which it were exaggeration to describe as petulant, which none the less reveal the woman's heart beneath the cross of the saint. "Oh, love me not, I pray, too much, and God grant I never love my friends too much hereafter; that hath cost me dear, and my heart hath smarted sore with grief for it already." Such outbursts prove how deeply the iron had entered into her gentle soul. The death of "Her dear Lord and most beloved Husband," though the greatest, was not the last of her bereavements. In 1645, two years after Falkland's death in Newbury fight, she lost her youngest son, Laurence or Lorenzo. A constitution naturally frail, a spirit sorely tried, broke down under the weight of this fresh sorrow. Her own life was evidently nearing its end. In characteristic fashion she set about to prepare for it. "Now in the very last stage of her Christian race, she growes so exact, that all time seems tedious to her which tends not to Heaven; and, thereupon, she now resolves to get loose from the multitude of her earthly employments; and provides to remove from her stately mansion, to a little house neer adjoining, and in that house

and garden, with a book, and a wheel, and a maid or two, to retire herself from worldly businesse, and unnecessary visits, and to spend her whole time: and she took as great delight in projecting this humiliation and privacy, as others do, in being advanced to publick honors, and state employments."

The end came swiftly. In the depth of the winter of 1645-46 Lady Falkland undertook a journey to London "to take order for the discharge of some engagements." Already in an advanced stage of consumption she contracted a severe chill. Hurrying homeward, she was like to have died at Oxford: "her cough and cold very much increasing, she with most earnest prayers, and holy meditations . . . prepares herself for death." A brief rally, however, permitted her to reach her home at Great Tew. "And now, being far spent, and near her end, she could speak little, yet expressed a great deal of thankfulness to God who had brought her safe to die in her own house, among her dearest Friends." There, on St. Matthias' Day, 1645-46, she passed away, and there on February 29th she was buried in the Parish Church of St. Michael's. "Thus in her youth," says the pious chaplain, "she was soon perfected, and in a short time of five and thirty years, she fulfilled a long time." Duncon's words recall Clarendon's glowing epitaph on his dead friend. "Thus fell that incomparable young man in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with such innocence; whoever leads such a life needs not care upon how short warning it be taken from him." Clarendon may possibly have had Duncon's words before him, but the remarkable point is not the coincidence of idea, but the fact that it is possible to pay such a

tribute to both husband and wife with perfect and unstrained sincerity, and without in either case arousing in the reader a sense of hyperbole.

Both Lord and Lady Falkland lie in unmarked and unremembered graves. But it does not matter. To the memory of the one Clarendon has raised an imperishable monument; of the other we have a touching portrait from Duncon's pen. Recent piety has raised material memorials both at Newbury and at Tew, but they are superfluous. To any one with a spark of historical imagination Great Tew itself speaks eloquently both of Lord and Lady Falkland. It still lays a peculiar spell even upon the casual sojourner within its gates. It still seems to breathe the spirit of peace, to offer a haven to the weary soul, storm-tossed amid the conflicts and intrigues of Court and camp and Senate. The living inhabitants are few; but it is peopled with the ghosts of the past: the ghosts of gay Caroline poets and of grave divines, of great lawyers and distinguished statesmen; of Suckling and Ben Jonson; of Sheldon and Hammond; of Hales and Chillingworth; of

The Fortnightly Review.

Tanfield and Selden; of Edward^{*} Hyde and Lucius Cary. But the personality which, above all these, still seems to dominate and pervade this lovely and secluded village is that of the gentle lady who for a brief space reigned at the great house, who went in and out among the simple village folk; herself sorely stricken but eager to bear the burdens of the heavy laden; ministering to the sick and succoring the poor; gently nurtured and highly cultivated; mingling on terms of equality with the highest and gravest in the land, yet always ready "the lowliest duties on herself to lay." The mere thought of Great Tew seems to bring with it a peculiar fragrance; the fragrance of violets and limes; of dog-roses and clover and honeysuckle. But sweeter even than these, and more lasting, is the savor of two brief lives, lived in the turmoil of a troubled time, yet breathing always the spirit of charity and peace. Truly may it be said of the Lord and Lady of Great Tew that they were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." *In pace requiescant.*

J. A. R. Marriott.

LITTLE MISS SMITH.

Every one in Ledborough knew little Miss Smith. She was almost as much of an institution there as the weekly cattle market or the parish church clock. Only with this distinction: that she was no public nuisance like the first, and a better timekeeper than the second.

Five minutes to nine precisely, any morning, might see her edging her small person through the miniature doorway that Miss Jenyns, perhaps to gain an added privacy, had had cut in the tall, iron-spiked gates which guarded her "Academy for Young La-

dies" from the public road. And at a certain time each afternoon the tiny door would snap behind the same sombre little figure; her peaky-white face a degree whiter with the day's work, but with so resolute a look about the mouth and in her earnest gray eyes, and such an eager craning of the neck, as lent a suggestion of pace to a gait naturally so feeble as to preclude all possibility of speed.

It was almost fifty years now since Miss Smith began life in the old-fashioned red-brick house close to the church. A pleasant rambling garden

lay behind the house. But in front a crescent-shaped piece of lawn, bordered by laurels, and skirted by an ill-kept little drive, was all that separated it from Ledborough market-place.

Her childhood was forlorn enough, for little Miss Smith learned early to accept the fact that a hard-worked country doctor should have but scanty leisure to bestow upon his little girl. While the hushed voices and half-drawn blinds, from which in her childish mind the name of mother was inseparable, taught her the same sad lesson in a different way. Therefore, because she found it necessary to have an object for her love at once available and stable; and because her father's busy life and her mother's invalidism unfitted them for these conditions, it was upon William and Martha, the doctor's two faithful servants, that during her lonely childhood little Miss Smith lavished all the pent-up affection of an ardent nature with few outlets.

From being rather a forlorn little child then, Miss Smith passed into a timid, friendless girlhood, from which even the romance which belongs to it by right was banished by the knowledge that her parents felt her life was in proportion to her needs—a fact made all the more patent by an unconscious assumption on their part that it would never be anything different.

So little Miss Smith, at no time vigorous enough to fight her own battles, saw, not without disappointment, the slow diminishment of all her hopes; watched, as a looker-on at some one else's life might watch, the fatal dwindling of each girlish aspiration. Until one day, that day when fatherless, her only legacy the delicate mother, she took up the burden of life having as yet scarcely tasted of its joys, and leaving the old home for good, moved into tiny lodgings, where, with the help of a scanty annuity, she supported them both by teaching until her mother died.

On this particular July afternoon, however, the little door snapped behind a very beaming Miss Smith, who, as she crossed the burning white road, smiled to herself with a smile so generous, that, had not every bit of it been needed to make up for the tired droop of her frail little figure as a whole, might easily have served two ordinary human beings, liberally, besides herself.

As with slow, labored steps she mounted the steep High Street, she noted nothing of what was going on around her; but if her outward gaze was fixed on nothing in particular, there must have been a subject which engrossed her inner vision, as was presently instanced by her coming into collision with some one walking in the opposite direction. This was a large-framed, heavy man, who, although his Panama hat and white umbrella made him sufficiently conspicuous, attracted Miss Smith's attention in no other way than by the obstructive solidity of his person.

"So this weather suits you, Miss Smith," said the old gentleman, with a smile that acted and reacted upon his big, clean-shaven cheeks until there was hardly a portion of them that was not wrinkled up.

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Hunt; at least, that is. . . ."

Mr. Hunt stood looking down at her, and chuckling to himself with keen enjoyment of her embarrassment. "When a lady," he said at last, "when a lady takes to smiling to herself, and don't see what's in front of her, I always think there are only two explanations of the matter." He stopped impressively.

Miss Smith's frank smile changed into one of mild apprehensiveness.

"She's either had a fortune left her," continued the old gentleman, emphasizing his words by a gentle waving movement of his umbrella, "or she's in love! Now, Miss Smith, which is it?"

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Hunt," began Miss Smith (she was always very literal when startled), "I didn't see you"; then, covered with confusion by a sudden sense of the ridiculousness of this statement in connection with a man of Mr. Hunt's proportions, she broke into a nervous laugh.

"Then I am to put it all down to your having got rid of the young ladies for six weeks?" asked the old man, with a suddenly assumed gravity. "You may depend upon it I shall tell Miss Elsie for what great things she's accountable!"

"Oh, but indeed you must not, Mr. Hunt," Miss Smith struck in anxiously (Elsie was the brewer's younger daughter and her favorite pupil); "I'm sure if all my pupils gave me as little trouble as Elsie . . ." But already the old gentleman had touched his Panama respectfully and moved on, leaving Miss Smith standing stock-still upon the pavement, an anxious and perplexed expression on her face.

It always took her a long time to see a joke, and it was some seconds before she could satisfactorily convince herself that the high, wheezy chuckle which accompanied her friend's retreating footsteps was born of humor and not malice. At last, having meditated following him to explain, reflected on the heat, and silently noted that the big man's strides had already carried him a long way down the street, Miss Smith turned, and with a sigh slowly continued her steps in the same direction as before.

And as she did so, her face gradually resumed its look of contentment though this time she was careful to look where she was going. On her way up the High Street she visited two or three shops, at one of which she purchased a pair of wash-leather gloves and a blue gauze veil. At another, a shoemaker's, she was informed that "they" had been sent home—a

piece of information that must have been satisfactory, since it made her smile more broadly than ever! Finally, she came to a standstill before a more pretentious-looking shop, *the shop of Ledborough, in fact; half-stationery, half fancy-goods, with a circulating library attached; the lettered plates upon whose front bore the gleaming legend, "T. Seeling & Son. Established 1850."* Here she paused as if to gain breath, and then, with the air of an *habituée*, and of one to whom the consciousness of this lent a certain gentle importance, she pushed through the narrow doorway and went in.

The shade of the dusky, low-pitched shop was very grateful after the glare outside, and as Miss Smith seated herself at the long counter her little white face looked quite ghostly in the contrasting gloom. While the shopman was finding what she wanted, she was accosted from behind by a small, genteel-looking old man, whose appearance impressed you in two particulars at once: those of superficial cleanliness, and extreme shininess. "T. Seeling," for it was he, shone from the top of his bald head to the knobby toes of his carefully brushed boots. His paper collar and dickey vied in glossiness with his suit of broadcloth, as did his well-displayed paper shirt-cuffs with the imitation onyx buttons which fastened them. His ashy little face and neck, with the perennial forward tilt which a lifetime of servility had given it, shone too, with the pallor of wax. And his smile discovered a complete set of shining white teeth, the generous expanse and regularity of which left no possible doubt as to their origin.

"Good afternoon, Miss Smith," said the little man unctuously, as he bowed and softly rubbed one hand within the other—"I 'ope I see you well?"

Mr. Seeling had known Miss Smith since the days when she was small enough to be flopped down on to a

chair, her gaitered legs stuck out before her, while Martha, then a comely-looking girl, effected the humble purchase of a reel of cotton or a paper of pins. Those were times when "T. Seeling," himself serving behind the counter, had combined a mild drapery with his stationery business, and when "Son," as yet in pinafores, ran about the back shop, his mouth showing traces of a recent encounter with gingerbread.

"This weather's trying, Miss Smith," continued the little old man, "but we can put up with that if it 'ull only 'old up till after Monday." He smirked tentatively.

Miss Smith gave a vague assent, as she saw by her interlocutor's smile she was expected to do; but it was plain her mind was still running on other things.

"I 'ope you're going to favor us, Miss Smith? I 'ope you're going to Switzerland?"

These words had an astonishing effect upon Miss Smith, for they caused her first to jump almost out of her high chair, and secondly, in so doing, to dislodge her parasol so that it fell with noisy clatter between the counter and herself.

If Mr. Seeling had hoped to create a sensation by his question, he certainly ought to have felt satisfied. For natural as this fluttering confusion on the part of his customer might seem to the organizer of "Seeling's Annual Excursion," as announced on the long yellow poster to which the old man at last succeeded in drawing Miss Smith's attention, even he was somewhat amazed at its degree.

"Our h'annual excursion, Miss Smith; 'Seeling's Excursion,'" he said proudly; and twitching the paper with his trembling old fingers from where it hung between two heavy books, he floated it gently down on to the counter.

As Miss Smith glanced at the florid

bill, headed "To Switzerland and back in twenty-four hours," which detailed the glories of the Swiss exhibition then going on in London, the ghost of a smile flitted over her face, twitching the corners of her wide, sensitive mouth. She looked at the old man, then again at the bill; then once more into the little waxen face of her questioner.

"Yes," she answered gently, with a soft, breathy sigh, and after what seemed to her quite a long pause, "I *am* going to Switzerland."

"Then," said Seeling grandly, pointing to the bill, as he turned to the youth engaged in serving Miss Smith, "put that hup with Miss Smith's things."

When Miss Smith got into the open air again she found that moment past when the heat of a summer's day gives place to the rising coolness of evening. She did not stop again, but climbed steadily to where, the houses ever becoming scarcer, Ledborough High Street straggled by means of villas and garish little shops out into the country beyond. At one of the smallest and newest-looking of the villas she stopped, and clicking the badly hung gate behind her, entered the front door and the sitting-room on the left. The room was tiny, and, in spite of its open window and closed Venetian blinds, very hot. It was also redolent of warm horsehair and alive with the buzz of flies. It resembled all rooms of its kind, having the same vulgar wall-paper, the same conventional bow-window, and the same ill-fitting door. There were two or three pieces of furniture in addition to the ordinary commonplace suite, which, in this instance, went far to redeem it; but the ugliness was too great to be altogether overcome. The well-tended flowers in the window and the fine fern in the grate testified to the care of a loving hand;

as did the well-filled mahogany book-case and the solid, leather-lined writing table to their owner having seen better days: On the table was a parcel, evidently boots, and an oblong envelope. But after a searching glance, particularly at the letter, it was characteristic of Miss Smith that she passed both parcel and envelope to notice her plants. At length, having drawn up the blinds, attended to the wants of a drooping fern, and gazed steadily out of the window for some moments without seeing anything, she turned, and taking up the letter and parcel, settled herself into a horsehair chair of such gigantic proportions that it seemed to swallow up her little person altogether. As the wrappings fell from the parcel they disclosed a strongly made pair of country shoes, the soles thickly studded with nails; and as Miss Smith turned them over, and even tried the edge of the nails with one puny finger, she began to smile again. Then, placing them once more sole downwards on her lap, with one hand holding them, the other supporting her face, which, against its dark background looked more delicate than ever, she fell into a reverie.

Miss Smith was still given to dreams, but at forty her dreams were less *exigeants* than at thirty; while at fifty almost any project would have satisfied her so long as it was sufficiently unlike all she had previously experienced to give her a sensation of rest. Youth had pictured to her the delights of travel for travelling's sake; early middle-life for the advantages to be derived from it; now all she asked was something which should be at once within her powers and fairly representative; a mere summary of what she had once hoped and planned. Miss Smith's family was not long-lived; her mother never had been strong. And with the decline of her own physical strength the utmost craving of her tired, drooping little frame seemed

summed up in the one word Switzerland!

This dream it was, then, to the fulfilment of which all her thoughts had sped during the leisure moments of the last four years; for this that every penny of her salary was saved. And now the time seemed actually at hand when her dream was about to be realized. To-day's cheque it was that had at last swelled her savings to the necessary sum.

It had never struck Miss Smith that she might go abroad with a party, and thus eke out her money. No; on this point she was clear. If she went abroad she would go, as she expressed it, "properly"; with a round sum of money, that is, such as she considered "suitable." A sum which should enable her to see Switzerland in her own way, or not at all. She was going alone, because she had no friend with whom she felt intimate enough to travel. Besides, she was not altogether unaware that her plan of action might, to modern ears at least, sound antiquated. She shrank from speaking of it, therefore, lest she should incur ridicule.

So now that she had six clear weeks before her, the money to pay her expenses, and Cook's letter in her lap, it seemed to Miss Smith almost pleasure enough just to sit and think about it; as if some days, even, spent in this manner would not be too much. The practical side of her nature, however, forbade this, and the tea-tray removed she set herself to a diligent consideration of routes and prices. It was getting dusk when, having at last made up her mind on these points, she fastened her neatly written letter, and, leaning back with a sigh of perfect satisfaction, began leisurely to consider the best means of transferring her precious savings to Cook's office. She was so much occupied with her own thoughts that she quite started when the door opened

suddenly and the landlady put in her head.

"Mr. Cridland's here, if you please, miss. Could he speak to you a minute?"

Miss Smith dropped from the clouds at once. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Bowyer," she said, her bright look softening. "Will you ask him to come in?"

Cridland was the "William" of Miss Smith's childhood; the late doctor's factotum, who, having married Martha some years before Miss Smith's removal from the old home, had set up a small market-garden business in the neighboring county town. When business brought them into Ledborough they made a point of calling on their old master's daughter, who never failed to give them a welcome.

Miss Smith had barely time to push her savings-bank book into the table-drawer, before her visitor made his appearance.

He was a tall, spare old man, with scanty white hair; his face shaven, with the exception of a slight whisker. His mouth had fallen in with age—a fact which while it served to emphasize the prominence of his cheek-bones, did not detract from the charm of his face as a whole.

He stood in the doorway, bowing and touching his forehead, but Miss Smith came forward with outstretched hand and beaming face.

"Why, William," she said hospitably, "it is nice to see you. Come in and sit down."

The old man seated himself on the edge of a chair, his hat on his knees, while Miss Smith smiled at him from the opposite side of the table.

"Well, and how's Martha?" she asked after a pause. "Well and blooming I hope, as usual? You'll have to give me all your news, you know, William—I shall want to hear everything."

Her old visitor looked pleased, but there was a shadow on his usually

placid face, which, now that the first excitement of meeting was over, Miss Smith noted looked pale and tired.

"Martha's but middlin', thank you, Miss Edith," he replied slowly.

Miss Smith flushed with pleasure at the old name, by which now no one but William and Martha ever called her. "And Nellie?" she asked, in a voice softened by this recollection, "did she get the situation?"

"She's bin in it an' out of it agen, Miss Edith," was the reply; "gells don't stop now as they used to do in Martha's time."

"No, indeed" agreed Miss Smith a little absently.

She was conscious of missing something in the old man's manner, and was vaguely casting about in her mind for the reason of it. The more she tried to put him at his ease, however, the more silent and embarrassed did he become, until finally the conversation reached a deadlock.

At last, having fidgeted with his hat until it slipped from his shaky fingers and rolled on to the floor, and as if something in the action of stooping to recover it gave him a sudden courage, the old man spoke. "It's H'albert, Miss Edith."

"Albert?" Miss Smith repeated rather hazily, adding quickly, as if to cover any apparent inattention on her part, "Oh, yes, now I know; he is the one in Mr. Danver's shop at Keston, isn't he?"

"That's 'Im," was the laconic answer.

"T'least 'e was." And then, afraid that if he once stopped he might not be able to begin again, old Cridland's words came in a confused rush: "An' seemed to be doin' well, 'e did; an' a tidy bit of money we paid with 'Im. . . 'Tain't as the boy's a bad 'un, Miss Edith"—his voice gathering a mild defiance—"but they get into gay comp'ny in the towns. . . . We've tried to bring 'em up straight, I'm sure; an' Martha says 'tain't altogether the boy's fault

either; as 'e wouldn't a'done it of 'is self. But, then, H'albert 'e always was 'er favorite——"

Here Cridland broke off and looked at Miss Smith, and as he did so it seemed to her his eyes threw her a challenge.

"But, William," she said, as she gazed at him with a puzzled air, "I'm afraid I don't quite understand, even now. Has Albert been gambling? Did you mean that?"

"Ay, Miss Edith, that's about it, I expect," adding with a dogged air, as if determined to make a clean breast of everything: "But what 'e done is, 'e's lifted old Master Danver's till,"—Here, in spite of himself, old Cridland came to an abrupt stop, dropping his eyes suddenly, while a deep flush dyed his face to the roots of his hair, spreading down his withered throat, and even on the work-hardened hands upon his knees. "It's the shame of it," he resumed huskily, "that's what 'tis. Me an' 'is mother'd done anythin' rather than that. . . ."

And at this point his courage suddenly failed him, and he began to cry in the silent, facile manner peculiar to old people.

Miss Smith was so much shocked that, for a moment, she could do nothing but stare helplessly at her companion; nor was it until Cridland, having had recourse to the big cotton handkerchief he carried in his hat-crown, had had time to recover himself a little, that she at last found her voice. "Are you sure, William?" she then asked in awestruck tones, her face quite ghastly from sympathy. "Did Albert tell you he'd done it?"

"Oh, 'e done it right enough," replied the old man, as he slowly wiped first one eye, then the other, after which he continued in short, broken sentences: "An' skeered out of 'is life 'e is about it, too. . . . For old Danvers swears 'e'll 'ave the law of 'im, ef 'e

come anywhere 'ereabouts. . . . You see, we've promised to pay, Miss Edith, an' we've got to git the boy off somewheres too—we durstn't 'ave 'im 'ere."

"Is he in hiding, then? Do you know where he is?" inquired Miss Smith, still in the same horror-struck voice.

"Oh, 'e isn't to home," said the old man with a wary nod of his head, his tone becoming almost cheerful again, now that he had unburdened himself, "an' Danvers 'e 'asn't been as bad as 'e might; I will say that for 'im. 'E'll give us time. But there was a tidy bit of money in that till—ay, that there was" (at a fresh movement of horror on Miss Smith's part), "nigh upon twenty pound! An' it's a job to git it, that 'tis, with 'aving to emigrate the boy as well."

Martha had been shrewder than even she herself knew when she sent her husband to Miss Smith. It never would have occurred to either of these two simple souls to question whether a dishonest person would be likely to do better on one side of the water than on the other! To Miss Smith, as to the boy's father, the one necessity seemed to be to get him out of the country, away from all who knew of his disgrace.

"Emigrate him," repeated Miss Smith vaguely, adding after a slight pause, "Yes, I suppose that is the best thing you can do." But she spoke less from any real conviction in the matter than because the idea of emigration was familiar to her, and in this sea of unaccustomedness gave her a reassuring sense of touching bottom. "But where do you propose—have you any one you can send him to?"

"There's a cousin of Martha's, Miss Edith, out in Australia, 'e'd a mind to take one of the boys a time back, an' H'albert 'e's promised faithful to keep straight, once 'e's there. 'E is skeered, though," the old man added, evidently harking back in thought to

some incident which had made a strong impression on him.

Miss Smith did not answer at once. She had gone back in mind to the dreadful thought of Albert's disgrace. She had never before come into close contact with crime. It seemed that life would never be the same to her as it was before this breath of wickedness had touched it.

"And when does he go?" she inquired, when at last she awakened to the fact of her own silence.

"Well," replied the old man, whose spirits revived at each fresh mark of sympathy, and who was a little elated, besides, at the evident impression he had made upon his listener, "that's when we can git the money. We're well-nigh beat about it, Miss Edith, an' that's the truth. You see, we paid a tidy bit of premium to Danvers; an' what with 'prenticin' Ted, an' settin' up Nellie for service, we're pretty well cleaned out. That late frost las' April served us cruool, it did. . . ." He sighed heavily. "'Tain't so easy to borrow money without s'curity."

Miss Smith was still so busy readjusting her ideas, that, beyond being conscious of something striking a vague chord of sympathy in her heart, it is doubtful how much of William's speech she really heard. While she was thus occupied, her eyes, aimlessly straying about the room, alighted on the letter addressed to Thomas Cook. But the sight of it now failed to produce in her anything but an inconsequent sense of shame, as she remembered how she had allowed it to engross her mind at a time when her friends were in such sore distress.

"Martha'd 'ave come 'erself," Cridland was saying when at last her thoughts returned from wandering, "but she's that upset she's quite shaky. 'You go to Miss Edith,' is what she says to me," he continued, as if repenting a lesson, "'she'll 'elp us——'" and

here the old man straightened himself up and looked at Miss Smith, while a confiding smile spread itself slowly over his tear-stained face.

"But what can I do, William?" said Miss Smith earnestly, something in the direct nature of the appeal for the first time arousing her to a practical consideration of the subject.

"Why," said Cridland, coming to his point at last, with a directness that was almost brutal, "what we thought, Miss Edith, was as p'r'aps you'd lend us the money. You see, Martha says, you'd know as we'd pay you back faithful, an' trust us. An' so we will, Miss Edith, every penny of it."

It may have been a few seconds only, but to her it seemed much longer before Miss Smith again spoke.

"How much is it, William?" she asked, and her voice sounded hard, almost sharp.

"We 'aven't been able to pay but ten pound to Danvers . . . so there's nine owin' there. Then," hesitating, "they tell me as 'twon't take less than twenty pound to emigrate the boy, what with the outfit and the journey when 'e's there, an' that? . . . We make out as 'tud be somewheres about twenty-nine pound, Miss Edith. We'd scrape an' scrape to pay you, intress' an' all," he concluded earnestly.

At the mention of so large a sum an inarticulate sound escaped Miss Smith. Her mind fled swiftly back to the beginning of the interview, and she felt astonished that she had not understood it all before. Then, remembering that Cridland's professions of honesty had not been answered, she forced herself to speak. But her words, while they reassured the old man, sounded to Miss Smith like the utterance of a separate consciousness.

She leaned back in her chair, horror-struck to find her whole nature transformed. She no longer found it possible to feel the smallest sympathy with

William and Martha. All she cared for at the moment was her own overwhelming disappointment. And the climax of misery was to find that she could not bring herself to make the sacrifice demanded of her in a willing spirit. She did not understand, how should she? seeing that life had seldom given her the opportunity, how the choice of an alternative may soften the pang of sacrifice. Yet had she done so, it could not have availed, as, in this instance, little Miss Smith would never have admitted the existence of a choice. For, that she could do otherwise than lend the money William craved had never so much as entered her head!

To simple Cridland, who from the moment that Miss Smith expressed her belief in his promises, had looked upon the matter as settled, the silence that followed was inexplicable.

And while it lasted he had time to wonder more than once for what they could be waiting. Yet his position as the would-be recipient of a favor made the old man hesitate to speak until Miss Smith had done so again. It did not prevent him, however, from stirring a little impatiently in his seat, while he slowly rubbed his chin, his face merely discernible now a moving blur of light against the bookcase.

Perhaps it was the movement; or possibly a something familiar in the gesture which, suddenly relieving the tension, broke the spell which had fallen upon Miss Smith. Her gentle nature reasserted itself. Sympathy, the stronger for its temporary imprisonment, swelled in her heart. And with this revulsion of feeling came hope, as her next words showed.

"Have you tried to borrow the money elsewhere, William? Perhaps Mr. Hunt—"

"Ay," replied the other before she could complete her sentence, "I went there this afternoon. Oh, 'e did go on.

There ain't nothing to be got out of 'im."

The rough energy of the old man's tone acted upon Miss Smith very much as a slap on the face might have done, and caused her to shrink back. She sat motionless in the darkness, one puny hand shading her white speck of a face, the other lying a dumb, appealing little heap, palm upwards on the table.

"You don't doubt as we'd pay you, Miss Edith?" old Cridland asked at last, with a hurt inflection in his voice.

"No, no, William," said Miss Smith, instantaneously touched. "You can have the money, of course, only it will take a day or two to get it out; it's in the Savings Bank, you know."

When William Cridland had gone, Miss Smith stood for a moment on the spot where she had taken leave of him, pressing one hand to her aching head. Then she walked deliberately to the window, and, shutting out the last remnant of daylight, made her way to the fireplace. As she felt for the matches in order to strike a light, the long yellow poster which she had so gaily fastened up but three hours since caught in her sleeve and fluttered down into the grate. As it disposed itself among the fern and in the fender, she could just read in the flicker of the newly lighted candles, "To Switzerland and back in twenty-four hours." She stood a minute leaning her wan little face against the friendly mantelcloth, recalling as she did so the gentle irony of spirit which had provoked her to display the bill. And as she thought of all the happiness which then promised to be hers, she smiled to herself forlornly. In the unsteady light, it seemed to her excited imagination that the big black letters of the bill were performing a derisive dance. As it lay there, had she but known it, the bill presented no unfitting symbol of her

own life. With its mock fulfilment of a specious promise, it was but offering her in detail what life had ever dealt her in the gross. But this time she realized that her credulity had got its death-blow. And that she regretted this, shows there is a pathos in ceasing to be deceived.

At last she turned slowly, took a pair of candlesticks, and placed them carefully upon the writing-table. Then she sat down, and with great deliberation unfastening the envelope directed to Cook's office, she took out the letter and without reading it over, tore it into tiny pieces. Then, taking a fresh sheet, she informed Thomas Cook in her neat, old-fashioned handwriting, that she had changed her mind and

The Pall Mall Magazine.

decided to postpone her tour; and affixing a stamp that he might be put to no expense, fastened down the old envelope with fresh gum. This done, she sat for a moment staring at nothing; then, having put out and replaced the candles—not forgetting to let each smoke up the chimney to avoid a smell—Miss Smith climbed a second time into the big horsehair chair.

Outside, the early summer night was still awake, its voices and footsteps fraught with the mystery they borrow from the darkness. Indoors was silence; broken only at intervals by a muffled, gasping sound, as of some one struggling for breath, ending always in the same pitiful little sigh.

Rachel Martyn.

THE SPLENDOR OF THE MEADOWS.

BY CANON JOHN VAUGHAN

There is a familiar passage in the Psalms which speaks of the ungodly as consuming away like "the fat of lambs." It is a curious rendering derived from the Targum or Aramaic paraphrase of the Psalter. The consuming of the fat on the altar of sacrifice would in any case be a strange simile for the evanescence of the wicked. And the poet had no such metaphor in his mind. What he said was that the bad man, in spite of his pomp and prosperity, would pass away like "the splendor of the meadows." The comparison, especially in a country like Palestine, is vivid and impressive. "Let a traveller," wrote Dr. Tristram in his "Natural History of the Bible," "ride over the downs of Bethlehem in February, one spangled carpet of brilliant flowers, and again in May when all traces of verdure are gone; or let him push his horse through the deep solid growth of clovers and grasses in the valley of the Jordan in the early spring, and then return and

gallop across a brown, hard-baked, gaping plain in June, and the Psalmist's imagery will come home to him with tenfold power." The brilliant flowers of Palestine, as Dean Stanley once said, are one of the great features of its scenery. The pastures in early spring are aglow with daisies, lilies, lupinus, clovers, especially ablaze with scarlet flowers, such as anemones, tulips, and poppies. It was no exaggeration to speak of "the splendor of the meadows."

But the happy phrase is not for Palestine only. Many persons who have never visited the Holy Land have travelled as far as Switzerland, where the splendor of the meadows is proverbial. Never shall I forget the wealth of wild flowers when for the first time I stood in an Alpine pasture beyond the village of Andermatt. Here were scores of plants I had never seen, their names unknown to me. Like Wordsworth, beside the lake in Gowbarrow Park,

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought.

And the rapidity with which the flowers disappear is a striking characteristic of the flora. On the way up the Furka Pass an expanse of pale yellow in the distance attracted attention. It proved to be a fine stretch of that exquisite Alpine anemone, *A. sulphurea*. Returning ten days later, no trace of the coloring remained. The flowers had faded and the splendor of the meadow had passed away.

There is a splendor of the meadows, too, in our own country. In early spring when

Daisies pled and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,

few will be found to dispute the poet's words. Or when, in the stately verse of Milton,

The light morning-star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the east, and
leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green
lap throws
The yellow crowslip, and the pale prim-
rose,

who shall deny the gladness of the occasion? Or, once again, when, in more sober fashion, we sit with Izaak Walton "under a willow tree by the water-side," and "looking down the meadows, watch here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping buttercups and crowslips," we shall be prepared to admit the sweetness and charm of the quiet scene.

What plant "the best of fishermen and men" meant by "culver-keys" is a matter of uncertainty, but the lady-smocks is the species still known by that name, which flowers for the most part, as an old writer says, "when the

Cuckow begins to sing her pleasant notes, without stammering." At this season of the year, before the hay is cut, the beauty of our meadows is at its height. "Consider," said Ruskin, "what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears." And then follows one of the most eloquent passages in the writings of that master of English prose on "the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy." Above the green enamel the buttercups, the bulbous *Ranunculus* and the meadow crowfoot, put forth their golden petals, mingled here and there with the tall red spikes of *Rumex* or sorrel. In some pastures the great white ox-eye daisy, called "bozzum" in the Isle of Wight, is extraordinarily abundant, and however injurious to the farmer, presents a fine spectacle to the passer-by.

Down in the damp meadow known as Longmead, which runs between two arms of a chalk-stream, haunted with memories of our "honest Fisherman," the wild flowers continue to bloom, unmolested by the scythe, throughout the season. In March, or early in April, the dull pink flowers, "tending to purple," as the herbals say, of the *Petasites*, or butterbur, appear, followed some weeks later by the great leaves, "like unto a round cap or hat, called in Latine *Petasus*, of such a widenesse as that of itselfe it is big and large enough to keepe a man's head from raine, and from the heate of the sunne." As the leaves of the butterbur expand, the marsh-marigolds or kingcups are coming into bloom, and for awhile the meadow is a sheet of gold with their large bright yellow flowers. As the kingcups fade their place is taken by several species of buttercup which grow tall and fine in the rich, luscious soil. With the yel-

low buttercups are mingled the red flowers of the Ragged Robin, the delicate lilac of the cuckoo-flower, and the exquisite drooping blossoms of the water-avens. In June, among other interesting species, the marsh-orchis will be seen, both the purple and the flesh-colored varieties, and a few spikes of the bee-orchis; while as the summer advances the flowers of *Spiræa* or meadow-sweet, the Queen of the Meadows, fill the air with fragrance.

Sometimes uncommon species are met with, which give an additional interest to the splendor of the meadows. In parts of the New Forest, especially near the Avon, the beautiful buckbean, with its delicately fringed petals, is so abundant that many of the pastures are known as "buckbean mead." The Ifley meadows at Oxford have long been famous as the home of the Fritillary, or "Ginny-hen Floure," the petals of which are "chequered most strangely, surpassing the curiousest painting that Art can set downe." This striking plant, it will be remembered, is alluded to by Matthew Arnold in his elegy on Arthur Hugh Clough, when he calls to mind their rambles together near Oxford:

I know what white, what purple fritillaries

The grassy harvest of the river-fields
About by Ensham, down by Sandford,
yields.

Among the species of British plants which bear the specific name of *Pratensis*, as frequenting meadows, is a *Geranium* or Crane's-bill. It is the largest and most handsome of the British species, and bears fine purple flowers.

The Saturday Review.

In Hampshire it is a rare plant, but it may be seen in a damp meadow in Gilbert White's old parish of Selborne, not far from the Priory Farm, where it occurs in some plenty. Lower down the valley, the bistort, so abundant in Swiss pastures, so rare in Hampshire, has established itself. In the same neighborhood the white meadow saxifrage is plentiful in one single pasture, while in the rest of the country it is a scarce species. The oxlip, not the hybrid between the primrose and cowslip, but the true oxlip, what Darwin called the Bardfield oxlip, still grows in the wet meadows near the bridge which crosses the river Pant, at Great Bardfield in Essex, where the plant was first discovered in 1842. Now and again, but very rarely, in what old Gerard calls "fat and fruitful meadows," there may be seen the tall and stately Elecampane. The plant was formerly in great repute as a tonic, and wonderful virtues were ascribed to it. The candied rootstock is still occasionally used, and is "marvellous good for many things." Once only have I found this splendid plant. It was growing in fair abundance in the corner of a meadow in Dorsetshire, far away from any habitation and apparently wild. Just over the hedge, in the adjoining pasture, another choice species was in bloom. For the space of some twenty or thirty square yards the ground was purple with the beautiful flowers of the *Colchicum* or meadow saffron. The sight was one not easily forgotten. It was still possible, even in September, to speak of the splendor of the English meadows.

THE POETRY OF COVENTRY PATMORE.

In a previous article upon the Ideas of Coventry Patmore¹ reference was made to the fact—stated by Mr. Gosse—that the poet was not acquainted till late in life with the verse of that earlier mystical singer Richard Crashaw. But for Mr. Gosse's statement, it would have seemed that there was a definite spiritual collaboration of the two poets sundered by indifferent centuries, and that Crashaw was indeed guiding the hand of a late lover of his work. A reader of the Odes in the "Unknown Eros," unfamiliar with Crashaw, might deem that in such verses as the following an unknown masterpiece of Patmore's had been discovered. They are from Crashaw's Ode prefixed to a Prayer-book:

Dear soul, be strong;
 Mercy will come ere long,
 And bring his bosom fraught with
 blessings,
 Flowers of never-fading graces,
 To make immortal dressings
 For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
 Store up themselves for Him, Who is
 alone
 The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's
 Son.
 But if the noble Bridegroom, when He
 come,
 Shall find the loitering heart from
 home;
 Leaving her chaste abode
 To gad abroad
 Among the gay mates of the god of
 flies . . .
 Doubtless some other heart
 Will get the start
 Meanwhile and stepping in before,
 Will take possession of the sacred store
 Of hidden sweets and holy joys . . .
 And many a mystic thing
 Which the divine embraces
 Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them
 will bring;
 For which it is no shame
 That dull mortality must not know a
 name!

¹*The Living Age*. July 18, 1908.

The similarity of idea and inspiration is not more notable than the similarity of form and rhythm. I do not know a more striking instance of the perfect echo, albeit unconscious, of ideas and music floating across the great gulf of years. Like Patmore, Crashaw was at first an Anglican; like Patmore, he was essentially a mystic; like Patmore, he strove to express the inexpressible, seeming, at times, about to become divinely inarticulate; like Patmore, he sang an individual song, holding aloof from current influences, solitary, unperturbed, ecstatic.

In the case of Patmore, however, it is to be admitted that he was not always uninfluenced by other poets. The intense individuality which distinguishes the Odes was by no means so conspicuous in the amatory "Angel in the House" and "Victories of Love." You are often aware of an obviously Tennysonian melody, a sweetness of versification not less perfect than Tennyson's, and hardly distinct from his. There is something almost astonishing in the flawless loveliness of the preludes; they are an exquisite efflorescence of pure poetry. There is something quite astonishing in the technical mastery displayed by a new poet such as Patmore was when the first instalment of his "Domestic Epic" was put forth. By all the probabilities of the subject, the poem ought to be very dull indeed—yet it isn't. The most prosaic details are swept serenely into the scheme—and you are surprised to find they do not sink it. Partly the triumph is due to the technical accomplishment displayed, partly to the warm and delicate vitality of the passion of love as Patmore conceived it. Those prosaic details and superfluous trifles which exposed their author to such hearty laughter and the delicious parody of a

contemporary are the fruit of no infelicitious failure of apprehension; they are rather the result of an attempt faithfully to utter the ecstasy of love tempered by the pettiness of common circumstance, but neither defeated in scope nor abated in ardency. One can never forget the acute parody "The Person in the House," by Mr. Swinburne in the "Heptalogia"—that choice armory of keen laughter; yet clearly, its original is left untouched. For a really damaging parody you have to turn to "The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell," which is an impeachment of the vague *idea*, as well as a criticism of the purely poetic quality, of Tennyson's ineffective piece of verse. The parody of "The Angel in the House" is no more an impeachment of Patmore's metaphysic of love than of the faultless form and bright perfection of the verse. Of the virtue of that style, one brief famous passage is sufficient witness:

When'er I come where ladies are,
How sad soever I was before,
Though like a ship frost-bound and far,
Withheld in ice from the ocean's
 roar,
Third-winter'd in that dreadful dock,
With stiffen'd cordage, sails decay'd,
And crew that care for calm and shock
Alike, too dull to be dismayed,
Yet, if I come where ladies are,
How sad soever I was before,
Then is my sadness banish'd far,
And I am like that ship no more;
Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,
Burst by the sudden polar Spring,
And all thank God with their warming
 wits,
And kiss each other and dance and
 sing,
And hoist fresh sails, that make the
 breeze
Blow them along the liquid sea,
Out of the North, where life did freeze,
Into the haven where they would be.

Yet it is hard not to add this gleaming quatrain:

One of those lovely things she was
In whose least action there can be
Nothing so transient, but it has
An air of immortality.

The "Victories of Love" takes up the same great marriage-song with a yet more frequent prosaic detail; but against these descents is to be set a keen poignancy which found hardly a voice in the earlier work, and was to form the dominant note of the later. It is full of glittering, epigrammatic lines, which have lost nothing of beauty by condensation:

Day was her doing, and the lark
Had reason for his song; the dark
In anagram innumerable spelt
Her name with stars that throb'd and
 felt;
'Twas the sad summit of delight
To wake and weep for her at night.

Both the "Angel in the House" and the "Victories of Love" enjoyed a popularity in their day which must needs amaze us if we conceive it to be simply a tribute to pure poetry. But I fear such a conception, though agreeable, would be erroneous. Noble poetry has never been popular for itself, and the early vogue of these was doubtless largely owing to the fact that they embodied a story which everybody liked, at the same time as they signalled an idea for which, perhaps, nobody cared. Theirs was the day of "Maud," "Aurora Leigh," the novels of Trollope, Thackeray, Charles Reade, and Lytton. They had the advantage of a sentimental tide, and now that tide has long since ebbed they have lost a popularity which had but small respect to their merit as poetry.

Yet, perhaps, there is another reason. Successful as the author was in his avoidance of mere mechanic facility in using a very simple and facile measure, he did not wholly escape the penalty that seems to fall on every long poem which has not the varied harmony of

blank verse. There is, undeniably, a monotony of lyrical sweetness in the uniform metre which Patmore adopted. Here and there he has cunningly relieved it by an apt quickening of the lines, as in the passage already quoted: "Whene'er I came where ladies are"; and this device of consonant impetuosity (of which Coleridge, I may remark, knew so well the secret) is so admirably used that it is to be regretted it was used so sparingly. Perhaps blank verse is the only right medium for a long poem, since even the leaping, resonant couplets of "Tristram of Lyonesse" do not always avoid the penalty of monotony; yet, on the other hand, one must admit that Wordsworth's verse in the "Excursion" is commonly dull enough to tempt us into longing for the relief of rhyme. The only conclusion would seem to be that every long poem is bound to be dull if read with injudicious assiduity; and that Patmore was probably wiser than all critics in availing himself of the relief and simple pleasure of rhyme, when contemplating a poem of unflinching, circumstantial veracity.

Turn to the second volume of the collected poems, and you are aware of a good reason for trusting Patmore's instinct for form. The silence of a few years has indeed borne a rich fruit. Not more marked or more astonishing is the development of his ideas (traced in the previous paper) than the development of his power of expression. The limpid, serene loveliness of lyrical narrative yields to an austerer beauty of urgent song; the precise simplicity of the octosyllabic line to a rhythm released from apparent bond and restraint, but governed by a secret, firm integrity which forbids at once the cloying recurrence of the earlier work, and the trailing shapelessness of most "irregular" modern poetry. It is the verse of Crashaw, but instinct with a more delicate life, touched with

a more vehement fire, controlled by a more accomplished art; it has a certain likeness—in rhythm, sweetness, gravity—to those most magnificent poems of the unpraisable Spenser, the "Prothalamion and Epithalamion." Patmore's own phrase best describes it—"Wedded light and heat"; and the metaphor so constantly present in his mind, of the song and the flight of a bird at evening, is the apt metaphor by which to indicate its characteristics. It is a gift among the most precious to modern poetry, a music among the most perfect. No one who has seriously essayed the subtle and difficult art of verse will fail to recognize the subtle and difficult art—albeit concealed—of lines such as these:

She, as a little breeze
Following still Night,
Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas
Into delight;
But, in a while,
The immeasurable smile
Is broke by fresher air to flashes blent
With darkling discontent;
And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,
And all the heaving ocean heaves one
way,
T'ward the void sky-line and an un-
guess'd weal:
Until the vanward billows feel
The agitating shadows, and divine the
goal,
And to foam roll,
And spread and stray
And traverse wildly, like delighted
hands,
The fair and fleckless sands;
And so the whole
Unfathomable and immense
Triumphing tide comes at the last to
reach
And burst in wind-kiss'd splendors on
the deaf'ning beach,
Where forms of children in first Inno-
cence
Laugh and fling pebbles on the rain-
bow'd crest
Of its untired unrest.

To read these Odes as I read them
now, in hearing of the incessant waves,

with sudden wings flashing, and song breaking impetuously from neighboring trees, is to be clearly aware of an accordant rhythm and impulse in Patmore's verse. Only here and there in the political Odes does it become abrupt and disconcerting; and for the most part these melancholy, vituperative songs have still a beauty, a charm, all but inalienable. . . . Once, and but once, Patmore resorts to the device of ending an Ode with unrhymed lines; and those who do not forget the third poem of the "Unknown Eros" will probably have seen in its close plain evidence of consummate art:

But sweeter yet than dream or song
of Summer or Spring
Are Winter's sometime smiles, that
seem to well
From infancy ineffable;
Her wandering, languorous gaze,
So unfamiliar, so without amaze.
On the elemental, chill adversity,
The uncomprehended rudeness; and her
sigh
And solemn, gathering tear,
And look of exile from some great re-
pose, the sphere
Of ether, moved by ether only, or
By something still more tranquil.

The form is wonderfully adapted to the distinctive burden of these Odes. That burden is, in one word, poignance. Leaving apart the poems previously considered in relation to the poet's ideas, there is found in the others a dominant note more truly in harmony with that of the "Ode to a Nightingale" than is discernible in any other verse since Keats. The sadness of parted love, the agony of loss, the bitterness of severing death—it is with these familiar, infinite sorrows that Patmore is occupied. If I may speak of my own experience, his is the only modern verse, other than some lines of Shakespeare, Burns, and Keats, which I find it hard to read without tears. And, though I had read them a hundred times, I know not where, precisely, the

secret of their unfailing poignancy is lodged, or how it is to be described; just as, though I have watched them a thousand times, I know not how to explain the acute poignancy of a sea-bird's flight or the scream of a swallow. Many of these Odes are the expression of the poet's own experience, utterance of an anguish intolerably sharp; and his psychology of love and grief, of the ingenious cunning of sorrow, seems to me invariably true. In "The Azalea" he dreams that she he loves is dead; he wakes, and for a delicious moment is thankful it was only a dream—until he remembers, by the breath of the Azalea, that indeed, indeed, she *is* dead. In "Departure" he reproaches her for going the "journey of all days with not one kiss or a goodbye," seizing upon the lesser grief as a shield against the greater. With "The Toys" every one is acquainted, and also, perhaps, with the following little piece, which is only printed here in order that Patmore may speak fitly for himself, and without further impertinent eulogy of particular poems:

"IF I WERE DEAD."
"If I were dead, you'd sometimes say,
Poor Child!"
The dear lips quivered as they spake,
And the tears brake
From eyes which, not to grieve me,
brightly smiled.
Poor Child! Poor Child!
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk,
your song.
It is not true that Love will do no
wrong.
Poor Child!
And did you think, when you so cried
and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie
awake,
And of those words your full avengers
make?
Poor Child! Poor Child!
And now, unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come
to thee,
O God, have Thou *no* mercy upon me!
Poor Child!

Yet it were wrong to omit all allusion to what is one of the finest love-poems ever written by any poet—"Amelia." No other master of song would have opened an Ode with such a line, as—

Whene'er mine eyes do my Amelia
greet—

but from this tame start Patmore proceeds to one of his loftiest love-tributes, in which there is not a little of his personal history. It is a most "inclusive" Ode, with clear characterization, love-speeches, metaphysics, and a score of precious images of sad or joyful loveliness. Most famous, and justly famous, is the description of "Amelia":

Fresh-born from a kiss,
Moth-like, full-blown in birth-dew shud-
dering sweet,
With great, kind eyes, in whose brown
shade
Bright Venus and her Baby played!

In the brief Preface to the collected edition of his poems, Patmore, with an independence as right and true as Landor's, writes:

I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and, should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.

Scrupulous though he was to give only his best, he is not of those lesser wits who with the labor of a month improve away the inspiration of a moment. His highest work has the mystery of true art. Asked in what, ultimately, its unique power and excellence consist, you are brought to the ancient, honest confession, "We cannot tell. It is of the wind, which bloweth where it listeth." There will always be honor for a poet who gives the world of his best, and there will always be

some to whom poetry so intimate, intense, religious, and perfect as that of the Odes will make a singular—nay, an almost incomparable—appeal. Those who are untouched by its spell will no doubt find a difficulty in appreciating the apparently idolatrous fervor of the regard in which Patmore's work is held by some few readers. For he is not widely loved—though perhaps it were more accurate to say he is not widely known. Even in a handbook of Victorian literature, written by a well-known Professor, I have found in the chapter upon Patmore evidence of the grossest ignorance and most hopeless incompetence that ever distinguished a volume of literary history. In his own lifetime Patmore was overshadowed by writers of larger achievement; and though since his death a juster recognition has been accorded to his work, there is yet witness that the heedless tradition which assigns him an obscure place among the lesser Victorian poets—somewhere in the twilight between Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Lewis Morris—is not wholly discredited. It is to be admitted, however, in excuse for those who are content to follow the current fashion while pretending to direct it, that to expect "popularity" for the austere ardors of "The Unknown Eros" would be as foolish as to expect it for, say, Donne's "Anniversaries." In truth, the appreciation of fine poetry is a rare gift, and as much an accomplishment as a gift; and nothing is to be gained—save by editors of ha'penny papers—by pretending the fact is otherwise. Of the love of the acute and honorable minority who care for enduring things, and who rejoice to find those things receiving a form and body in noble verse, Patmore, I believe, is secure. The deafness of which he was aware in his contemporaries is no longer universal. Were he with us now, he might still keep an attitude of reserve and defensive disdain to-

wards "the general" in respect of his own art; but he would not write, as once, deeming his voice a solitary one and aware it was all but unheeded:

No 'plaint be mine
Of listeners none,
No hope of render'd use or proud reward,
In hasty times and hard;
The Academy.

But chants as of a lonely thrush's throat
At latest eve,
That does in each calm note
Both joy and grieve;
Notes few and strong and fine,
Gilt with sweet day's decline,
And sad with promise of a different sun.

J. F.

LORD CROMER'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

The best advice is generally the oldest. And the oldest things in the world are always the simplest. It follows that good advice is always simple. Can any one doubt that? Did conscience ever propose an elaborate and subtle scheme for the rectification of a wrong? What induces people to reject the undeniably sound advice of conscience is indeed its uncompromising simplicity. It tells them to do such a very simple thing as confessing, or apologizing, or giving back, and they prefer a roundabout course, a misty circumlocution, or a back-handed or half-hearted method which is a less severe tax on their pride or on their pocket. It has been said that there are only seven stories in the world; that is to say, there are only seven root-stories, and all the other stories have drawn their significance, their distinguishing characteristic, from one of those seven roots. Similarly it might be laid down that there cannot be more than—shall we say?—three or four pieces of good advice. But just as it is the custom of men to try to tell an old story in a new way (far be it from us to discourage them!) so (and this is much less admirable) it is the custom to try to give fresh advice to meet every conceivable occasion. Sir Benjamin Draper, or Sir Samuel Mercer, or Sir John Banker comes to the scene of his schooldays for "Speech Day," where he

is expected to deal out sensible and manly advice to the boys. He does so in an address on the surface of which may be discerned the principles which have helped him to the giddy heights upon which magnates sit. So far, so good. Autobiography is the most fascinating form of biography. But the advice is generally manifold enough, and original enough, to satisfy Sir Benjamin, Sir Samuel, or Sir John that it has met the dignity of the occasion, and that means that it is much too intricate. Having sat under the oratory of such shining examples, the present writer can affirm that in his experience—he hopes it is peculiar—the portentousness of the advice has varied in inversed ratio to the importance of the speaker. The simplest advice he ever heard given at a school "Speech Day" came from one of the most distinguished soldiers in England. We are drawn to these reflections by the extraordinary simplicity of the advice which Lord Cromer gave to the boys of Leys School, Cambridge, last week. Here was a man who had successfully tackled and solved one of the most difficult problems ever put before a British administrator abroad. No one could have been surprised if the singularity of his experience had put him in the mind to attribute his success to singular principles of thought and conduct.

But he did nothing of the kind. He recommended the three plainest rules of life that have ever been offered as a compendium of wisdom to boys: "Love your country, tell the truth, and do not dawdle."

To love one's country is scarcely an otiose recommendation in days when it is no longer a universal axiom that men must perforce gather together in groups, or nationalities, for convenience of administration, or in the interests of commerce, or for self-protection, if not for sheer sentiment. For if cosmopolitanism as a creed is not professed by any but Socialists of the Continental type, it is still a principle which is at least revolved in the minds of thoughtful youth as a possible ideal before it is rejected as unworkable. Lord Cromer, who has administered justice indifferently to men of various races, simply tells an audience without recourse to explanation or argument that they must love their country. He has learned that conscious nationality alone inspires a personal devotion, and if generosity and justice and love of liberty spread in the world, it must be as an extension of that primary and indispensable motive. He knows that if all the dividing administrative lines were blotted out from Europe, they would almost instantly reappear, in a slightly different form perhaps, but probably very much as they are now. Men under the pressure of geographical condition, and all the exigencies of commerce and government, would regroup themselves as swarms of gnats close together again after one has beaten them asunder with a wave of the arm. At the end of his career Lord Cromer confesses as an article of faith that that, so far from being a law of social gravity which is to be avoided, is a fundamental fact which must be enthusiastically accepted before progress can even be begun.

The advice not to dawdle is the most

homely of the three rules, and though obvious enough, it is a fine working principle which embraces a good deal more than appears at first sight. Given the importance which Lord Cromer attaches to it, the familiar phrase is promoted to a new prominence. One guesses that Lord Cromer must have seen much dawdling to induce him to utter so distinct a warning against it. What exactly does he mean by dawdling? We suppose that he referred to that state of mind in which a man does not indeed refuse the labors of the world altogether, but works only half in earnest at what he has undertaken. The idler is in this sense different from the dawdler, or the dawdle, as the old noun used to be. There may be an engaging air of resolution about the idler. He is a rebel, possibly even an Ishmaelite. He defies convention and necessity, and takes some pains about putting himself outside the pale. He may not idle gracefully—few men can do that—but he has a definite and debonair, if unfruitful, creed. R. L. Stevenson, half seriously, offered an apology for him, and showed what undesignedly useful offices he performs in the routine of the world. But the dawdler is always at half-cock when the crisis comes, and he wastes an unconscionable amount of time which is not even useful as relaxation. He lives continually under the shadow of his work, which oppresses his brain and his conscience, but never gets itself properly done. He is neither laboring nor playing; he is neither spending his strength valiantly nor keeping it fallow for future use. It is said that "dawdle" is akin to "dowdy." If so, we may see a real point in the derivation. What is dowdy is slatternly. A dowdy costume is not no costume, but a costume which is ineffective, and conspicuous by its ineffectiveness; and, similarly, dawdling is not an absence of work,

but an inefficient kind of work, intermittent, with the attention only half fixed on it. Dawdling softens the mind, and does not even refresh the body. "Every man is, or hopes to be, an idler," said Dr. Johnson; but he would have been too sagacious to say that every man hoped to be a dawdler. The best excuse a man ever makes for dawdling is that he cannot help it, that he is physically unfit to work as hard as other men, and must therefore content himself with the low-pressure labor which is the most his constitution will bear. The answer to this is that dawdling is in the vast majority of cases an infirmity not of body, but of mind. It is neither congenital nor imposed by congenital disadvantages. It is amenable to discipline.

If dawdling is a prevalent vice to-day, it undoubtedly has its counterpart in a protesting and completely opposed habit. But even "hustling" may fall, and often does, into a corresponding unfruitfulness. "Affected dispatch," says Bacon, "is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be." That is the observation of a master-commentator. How often one notices that a great deal of fuss and scurrying hither and thither yields incommensurate and vulgar results, while the quiet, competent person who has made no noise and has seemed indifferent to the terrible severities of the competition with which he is threatened produces at the end of the same period work which is tasteful, thoughtful, scholarly, or workmanlike, as the case may be, and wins in the open market on its merits. "Order and distribution and singling out of parts," says the same master, "is the life of dispatch." Yet no saying must be pressed too far,

The Spectator.

and the mere arrangement of time may be a framework for hopeless dawdling. "Measure not dispatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of business." There is a habit at Oxford and Cambridge of talking of reading so many hours a day, and it is dangerous for this reason, that it takes the "times of sitting" as a criterion of progress rather than the quality of the reading. Nothing we have said is intended foolishly to ignore the great differences which exist in men. One seems to have a worm working in his brain which compels him to unceasing industry; we all know him; he is not a hero, because it seems that he can hardly do otherwise than obey his imperious *cacoethes* for labor; he puts us all to shame by his long hours of application, and he does not even give us the gratification of fulfilling our complacent prophecy that he will break down. Another has to fight with himself and conquer every time before he can induce himself to settle down to work. But these are the primary and integral differences in men's natures; idleness and energy have nothing to do with ability; discipline may be as necessary for the one to refine his work as for the other to work at all. The chief point we seize on in Lord Cromer's speech is that in public service amid the increasing complications of modern problems the simplest motives and rules are still the best. Fortunate indeed that it should be so for schoolboys, for they will remember that they have been told to "play the game," and "follow up," and "swing together," and, let us add, not to dawdle, when more fine-sounding exhortations have fallen away and are quite lost in the moments of real stress!

OLYMPIA REDIVIVA.

To read a succession of articles, such as have appeared in celebration of the ancient Olympic Games, with their stories of the "divine honors" paid to successful athletes and the breaches made in the walls of cities in order that men so noble might not enter by the common gate, has a curious effect on the mind. It almost makes one doubt whether any nation so eccentric as the ancient Greeks can really have existed, and even have attained a considerable amount of success, upon this earth. The stories, no doubt, are always related apart from their context, and seldom quite exactly; and, of course, the rhetorical effect of mere selection is very great. If one chose to collect all the instances of public or private enthusiasm manifested in England over, let us say, music-hall stars, tame elephants, or millionaires, it would not be hard to produce the impression that almost the whole nation was occupied in admiring one or other of those objects. Yet, when all allowance is made for exaggeration, the Olympic Games had their own meaning, and served their own valuable purpose in history, though, perhaps, not for a very large portion of their twelve hundred years of life.

The immense fame of the Olympiad Festivals comes largely from their having been chosen as giving an era, or a means of dating other events. The Romans had apparently a fixed tradition of the founding of their city; they could date historical occurrences by the year *ab urbe condita*. There was no such fixed era for the Greeks. Some historians dated from the fall of Troy; but opinions varied within some six hundred years as to the time of that occurrence itself. There were divers other systems. Some dated by the Archons at Athens, or by the priest-

esses in the temple of Hera at Argos. But, apart from other objections, neither system was international, and both implied that the reader must know his list of archons or priestesses by heart. The archons were more satisfactory than the priestesses, because they had, at least, a fixed term of office. A priestess might hold office for one year or for thirty. But, obviously the great four-yearly festivals formed a better basis for dates than either, and among such festivals, the Olympian were probably the best. True, the Pythian Games at Delphi were fully as famous and inspired far more religious feeling. But the temple at Delphi was too much exposed to disturbance and pillage. Olympia lay quiet, out of the main track of war and political trouble. And Olympia professed, truly or falsely, to have a record of all conquerors since the great re-constitution of the Games in 776 B.C. The Games themselves are just declining from their prime glory at the time when we hear most about them, in the fifth century B.C. Bodily prowess was still such an important quality in a man that, if any great athlete happens to play a part in history, the historians generally mention his victories in the Games. But it was no longer an age in which Shaw the Lifeguardsman could seriously be regarded as a more admirable warrior than the Duke of Wellington. And in Pindar, the writer from whom we hear most praise of the Games, there is a constant undercurrent of regret, irritation, almost bewilderment, that the world is no longer attaching proper importance to the great boxing and horse-racing nobles, and to him, their prophet. Pindar, an aristocrat himself, was the poet of Dorian aristocracy. He was the bard of those great houses which, in spite of their not infrequent occupa-

tion in trade, their occasional leading forth of an adventurous colony, remained for the most part grumbling and half-forgotten, while the main stream of Hellenic life swept past them. They were men of courage and muscle; great hunters, runners, boxers; if need came, great warriors, though only in the manner of their ancestral tradition, with none of your modern book-learning or siege-tactics. Their object was to be "good men," and they meant by "goodness" what their grandfathers had meant. If they were outstripped in the race of life, it was as their great ancestor Ajax had been beaten by the unworthy Odysseus. Pindar added another quality to the "goodness," or *Aretê*, which he required of his patrons; they must "spend"—spend their money and strength and effort freely, for the attaining and maintaining of their *Aretê*.

It was a great ideal in its day, and Pindar conceives of it greatly. The misfortune is that in the Fifth Century it has ceased to correspond to outward facts. The time which created it was the period after the great race migrations, especially after the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnese. Mr. Louis Dyer has shown how the Olympian festival is derived from an ancient pre-Dorian gathering of a number of neighboring villages at a centre which they called "Pylos"; a gathering of the ordinary four-yearly type, with common worship and sacrifice, open competitive games, and opportunities for settling by discussion and arbitration any intercommunal difficulties. A general truce was, of course, necessary for any such common meeting, and was enforced, as usual, by taboos and curses. Eventually the whole territory of Elis, in which the festival was held, was declared "sacred," or, in modern language, neutral, and any invasion of it forbidden.

After the Dorian conquest, this festi-

val became widened and glorified. The Peloponnese became full of conquering warriors out of work, athletes of war, with no one left to make war on. The games had a much closer relation to war than modern athletics have; and the idea of *Aretê*, or "goodness," in a man or a warrior, had become prominent and forceful in the Greek world. The conquerors of the Peloponnese liked the opportunity of practising *Aretê* and displaying it one against another. Only the nobles, as a rule, had leisure for such exercises. Hesiod, the peasant poet, never speaks of the games; neither is Piers Ploughman interested in tournaments. Nobles of other races joined in. The wealthy new nobility of Sicily and Italy not only won horse races—they had more money to buy expensive horses—but actually distinguished themselves in personal prowess. The games served a great purpose. They gave a harmless and humane outlet to the fighting spirit of many conquering tribes. They kept up the invaluable tradition of periodic friendly meetings between neighbor states, of the security of the public roads, of the notion of a fixed international state of peace and decent conduct even in the midst of warring units. And they served intensely, almost too intensely, to keep up that desire for "goodness" judged by competitive standards, which is at the root of many of the best and worst qualities of ancient Greece. Like most conquering nations, the classical Greeks were "good sportsmen." On the whole, one can see that Pindar's men neither cheat nor accuse others of cheating, and mostly take a defeat like men. It is only boys who are said to jeer at a defeated competitor, and those, I suppose, were the boys who looked on, not the boys who competed.

The decline in the importance of the games came when the idea of "goodness" changed. *Aretê* began to be

identified, in part or whole, with *Sophia*. Goodness began to include "Wisdom," or the qualities of the intellect, and the old purely athletic virtues inevitably paled. True, a strong element of "wisdom" in various forms found its way into the Olympian Festival. Herodotus read his wonderful book aloud there. The great fifth century sophists lectured there. Poets recited their poems. Hippias illustrated how the "wise" man was self-sufficing, and should be the maker of his own cloak, tunic, boots, and signet ring, as well as the author of his own peace of mind. When Hippolytus wished to "stand high in the Great Games of Hellas," he was probably thinking more of "wisdom" than of pure athletics. But in reality "wisdom" had not much chance of cutting a good figure at these contests. Make the most sympathetic arrangements you will, a lecture by Huxley and a recitation by Tennyson would scarcely have "a fair show" at, say, the Henley regatta or the Oxford and Cambridge sports, not to speak of Epsom. The spiritually active part of Greece devoted itself more and more to "Wisdom"; the mere pressure of the world worked, as usual, in the direction of success and money-making; and Pindar's Dorian nobles were left to cultivate their splendid bodies and their expensive horses somewhat in a back-water of the national stream. True, they had more influence on ordinary adult life than athletes now have. Euripides, though a good athlete himself, once or twice denounces their influence with an intensity which would not be too great in a modern public school. Plato gently satirizes the fashionable young Athenians who showed their admiration of things Spartan by acquiring, at much inconvenience, broken noses and "prize-fight-

The Nation.

er's ears." And it remains true, and a rather important truth, that in the comparatively simple conditions of ancient society, a man's body was much more with him and more important to him than it is now. The toothless and short-sighted man had then no oculist and dentist to put him, as a matter of course, on an equality with his fellows. The flabby man was not hidden behind good tailoring; the obese man did not fly lightly on a motor-car, he waddled and perspired. And correspondingly there certainly was—the statues alone would prove it—a great deal of sincere admiration for an object which has now been so long and sedulously hidden from human eyes that it has whitened like a starved plant out of the sun, the healthy and well-developed human body.

But in the main, though the courses of people at Olympia were probably greater in the fifth and fourth centuries than in the seventh and sixth, the inward meaning of the Games was passing rapidly away at the very beginning of our classical period. They represent the ideal of a young Greece which possessed already many of her characteristic qualities, the intensity, the desire to excel and be praised, the frankness and the aversion to cruelty; but a Greece which had not yet awakened to the possession of an intellect or a moral character. And it was with these qualities that the future of Greece lay. After the deaths of Pindar and Bacchylides no more great poets thought it worth while to celebrate boxing matches and races of four-horse chariots or mule wagons. And by the first century Cicero anxiously contradicts the rumor that he has gone to attend the Olympian Games: such a thing would be beneath his dignity, scarcely even reputable.

Gilbert Murray.

"IN NO STRANGE LAND."

(The Kingdom of God is within you.)

The following poem, found among the unpublished papers of Francis Thompson when he died last November, he might have worked upon to remove here a defective rhyme, or there an unexpected elision. But no altered mind would he have brought to the purport of it; and the prevision of "Heaven in earth, and God in man," pervading his earlier published verse, is here accented by poignantly local and personal allusions—the retrospect of those days and nights of human dereliction he spent beside the Thames and in the shadow—but all radiance to him—of Charing Cross.

O world invisible, we view thee;
O world intangible, we touch thee;
O world unknowable, we know thee;
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drift of pinions, would we harken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

The Athenæum.

Francis Thompson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In a slender little volume, entitled "Good Citizenship," the Henry Altemus Company publishes two addresses by the late ex-President Cleveland: Good Citizenship, delivered before the Commercial Club of Chicago in 1903 and Patriotism and Holiday Observance,

delivered before the Union League Club of Chicago on Washington's Birthday, 1907. Both are weighty and suggestive.

Provincial France is one of the best beloved of the regions frequented by the British and American traveller, and

Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "In the Track of R. L. Stevenson," blending this enthusiasm with that affectionate admiration which it was the fair privilege of R. L. S. to evoke from his readers, even during his life, is a gay little book. Pictures it has by the score, excellent reproductions of photographs taken from judiciously chosen points and its author has as good an eye for French provincial character as for the noteworthy bits of "With a Donkey in the Cevennes." There is matter for many an hour of agreeable entertainment in the book, even if one has never read that chronicle, and there are many chapters describing new fields and new stretches of charming roads. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Two delightful anthologies, suited equally to the taste of travellers, of those who have travelled, and of those who would like to, come simultaneously from Henry Holt & Co.: *Poems for Travellers*, compiled by Mary R. J. DuBois, and *The Poetic Old-World*, a *Little Book for Tourists*, compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey. It would appear that neither compiler knew of the undertaking of the other; but it is evidence of the richness of the fields explored that, while both had essentially the same end in view, out of the perhaps 350 poems in either volume not more than fifty are to be found in the other. The traveller who is perplexed as to which of the pretty books to carry with him on his wanderings over Europe may well therefore solve the problem by taking both. They supplement each other well; and together or singly they serve the useful purpose of illuminating the scenes of to-day with the romance of history and of poetry. In both volumes, the selections are arranged by countries, and, under these broad divisions, by cities. A special feature of Miss Humphrey's collection is that, where she gives poems from

foreign sources, she prints the original text and the translation side by side.

After a city dweller has read Mr. Bolton Hall's "A Little Land and a Living," his wife, if a wise woman, will keep a sharp eye on the window-boxes and flower pots, lest he seize upon them for experiments in intensive farming, for its tales of huge profits won in brief space of time by light and pleasant labor make tilling the soil seem the one pursuit worthy the attention of the avaricious. In a former book, "Three Acres and Liberty," Mr. Hall made farming seem the one and only road to happiness; in the present work he makes it seem the short cut to wealth, and he quotes most amazing figures in his own defence. If there be no cheap abandoned farms, no patch of vacant suburban land, no bit of a city yard accessible to him who would go back to the land, the cellar remains for the rearing of mushrooms and forced rhubarb, or he may emulate Babylon with hanging gardens on his roof. Given the bit of earth he may rear not only fruit, vegetables, and flowers, but cats, dogs, foxes, snails, bees, goats, anything of which any product is useful to any man. And all these be true tales which have been investigated and are repeated with authority. Mr. Hall possibly exaggerates the discomforts of city life as felt by the industrious, intelligent and enterprising men whom he would woo to the farm, by citing the profits, but this seems the only weak spot in his reasoning. There is no doubt of the discomfort of the ignorant and the mentally incompetent and he cites cases in which they have made profits worthy the attention of the best of mechanics. This book will be influential in the struggle to persuade man to cease to pack city tenements instead of building a country home and living in it. The Arcadia Press.

